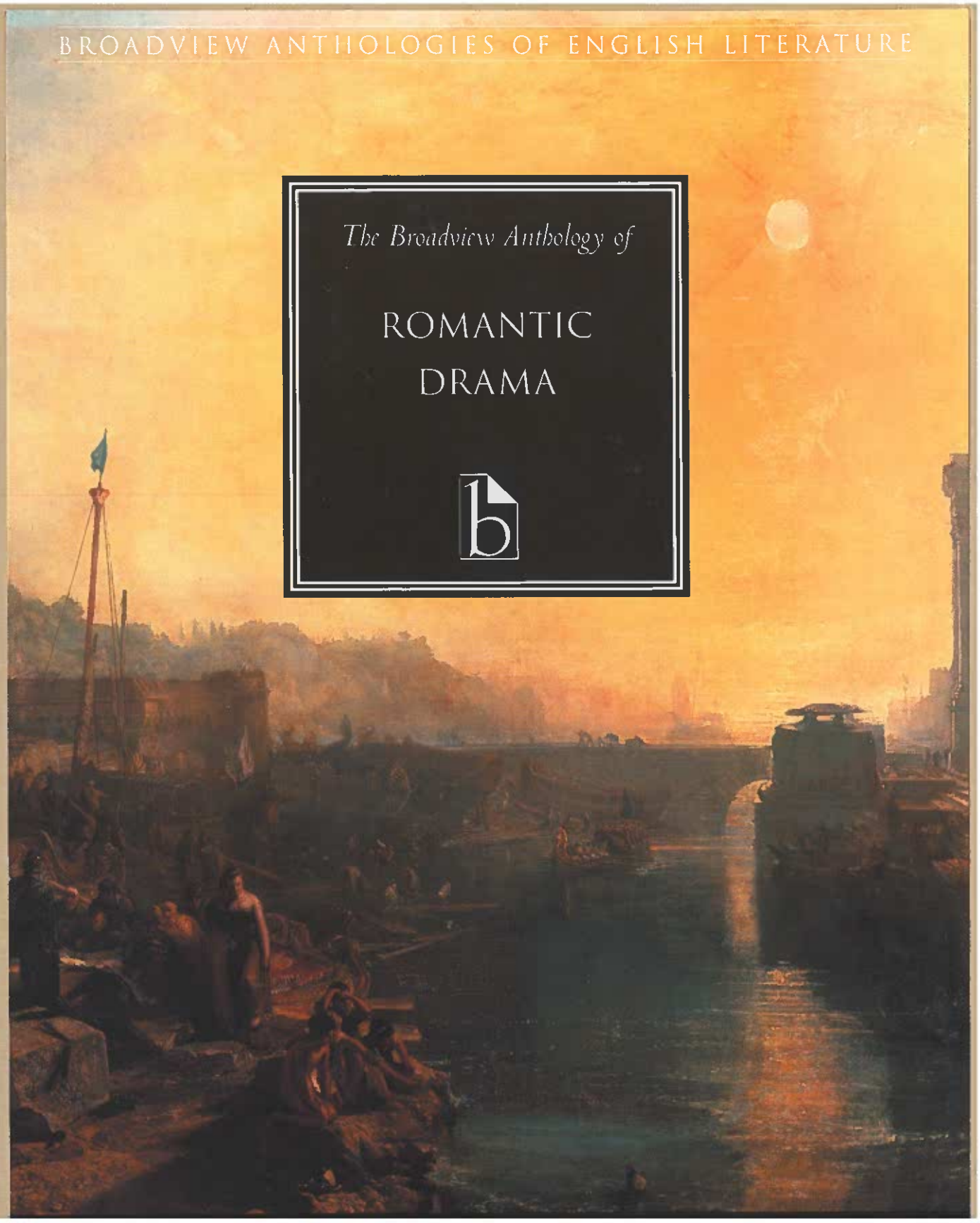
BROADVIEW ANTHOLOGIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE



The Broadview Anthology of

ROMANTIC DRAMA

Orra

Joanna Baillie

Joanna Baillie (1762–1851) was the most respected playwright of her day, ranked by writers like Walter Scott and Lord Byron as the best writer of English tragedy since the Renaissance. Born the third child of Dorothea Hunter Baillie and the Reverend James Baillie, she spent her childhood in Scotland in the towns of Bothwell and Hamilton before being sent to boarding school in Glasgow, where she developed her interest in reading books and composing dramas. With the premature death of their father, Joanna, Agnes, and Matthew Baillie were forced to depend on the benevolence of an uncle, John Hunter, who provided support to the two sisters and to Matthew's medical studies. When Matthew inherited Hunter's medical practice and London home in 1783, Joanna and Agnes Baillie moved to London to manage his household. Joanna also began to write, publishing an anonymous collection of *Poems* in 1790. On Matthew's marriage in 1791, she and Agnes moved to Hampstead, where they were able to establish a stable household and settle permanently.

Hampstead's literary scene afforded Baillie ample opportunity to socialize with authors such as Anna Laetitia Barbauld, Henry Mackenzie, Samuel Rogers, and William Sotheby. It also likely strengthened her resolve to write. Disappointed by the all but silent reception to her *Poems*, she began writing plays, eventually publishing two tragedies and a comedy under the title *A Series of Plays: in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind—each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy* (1798). The volume also included a lengthy "Introductory Discourse," which theorized not only the psychological workings of stage representations upon audiences but also the theater's social function. Quickly rechristened *Plays on the Passions*, the anonymous volume was an immediate success and produced energetic speculation regarding the identity of the author, with likely candidates ranging from William Cowper and Matthew Lewis to Ann Radcliffe and Anne Hunter. It would be nearly two years—and only then on the eve of the opening of her tragedy *De Monfort* (Drury Lane, 1800), with Sarah Siddons and John Philip Kemble in the starring roles—before Baillie would finally identify herself. We gain a sense of her unassuming demeanor and remarkable self-control when we realize that even her close friends Samuel Rogers and Mary Berry were shocked at the revelation.

The lukewarm success of *De Monfort* onstage led London theater managers to shy away from producing Baillie's plays in the first decade of the nineteenth century in spite of their receiving critical encomiums and going through multiple editions. She therefore had little choice but to continue publishing her work: two more volumes of *Plays on the Passions* appeared to laudatory reviews in 1802 and 1812, as well as a volume of *Miscellaneous Plays* in 1804. Still, Baillie did not experience a real stage hit until Walter Scott, a trustee of the Edinburgh theater, helped to arrange for the production of her *The Family Legend* (Edinburgh, 1810), which played to full houses and enthusiastic applause; in 1815 it was staged at Drury Lane. It is probable that the success of this play contributed to her decision to publish no new plays and to hope for further stage productions. With some productions in the provinces and a successful revival of *De Monfort* in 1820, she stuck by her decision not to publish until her four-volume *Dramas* (1836), which contained a final volume of *Plays on the Passions* and three other volumes of plays, including *Witchcraft*.

Published in the third volume of *Plays on the Passions*, *Orra* was the first of Baillie's tragedies to feature a female lead character. The volume's prefatory essay (included in the Appendix) shows Baillie keenly

aware of issues of gender, particularly of the association of femininity with fear (the passion featured in *Orra*). To combat such stereotypes, Baillie not only made Orra "a lively, cheerful, buoyant character, when not immediately under its [fear's] influence"[1] but also included as a companion piece to *Orra* another tragedy on fear (*The Dream*) with a male lead character as a way of balancing between the sexes the derogatory associations of fear. Like her earlier plays *Rayner* and *De Monfort*, *Orra* is set in Germany and strongly partakes of the Gothic of Matthew Lewis, whose novel *The Monk* (1796) had helped to establish the earlier vogue for German horror among British reading audiences. Unlike *The Monk*, *Orra* is strongly feminist, celebrating Orra's resistance to the tyranny of her guardian Count Hughobert and, even at the play's ending, maintaining her dignity as a heroine. Even with its Gothic trappings and its strong Shakespearean allegiances, *Orra* is surprisingly restrained in its sensationalism, its catastrophe taking place offstage in the classical manner.

The copytext for the play is volume three of *A Series of Plays* (London: Cadell and Davies, 1812), pages 1–100.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MEN:

Hughobert, Count of Aldenberg
Glottenbal, his son
Theobald of Falkenstein, a Nobleman of reduced Fortune, and Co-burgher of Basle
Rudigere, a Knight, and Commander of one of the Free Companies returned from the Wars, and Bastard of a Branch of the Family of Aldenberg
Hartman, Friend of Theobald, and Banneret of Basle
Urston, a Confessor
Franko, Chief of a Band of Outlaws
Maurice, an Agent of Rudigere's
Soldiers, Vassals, Outlaws, &c.

WOMEN:

Orra, Heiress of another Branch of the Family of Aldenberg, and Ward to Hughobert
Eleanora, Wife to Hughobert
Cathrina, Lady attending on Orra
Alice, Lady attending on Orra

Scene: *Switzerland, in the Canton of Basle, and afterwards on the Borders of the Black Forest in Suabia.*

Time: *Towards the end of the 14th century.*

Act I

Scene I: *An open Space before the Walls of a Castle, with wild Mountains beyond it; enter Glottenbal, armed as from the Lists, but bare-headed and in Disorder, and his Arms soiled with Earth or Sand, which an Attendant is now and then brushing off, whilst another follows bearing his Helmet; with him enters Maurice, followed by Rudigere, who is also armed, and keeps by himself, pacing to and fro at the bottom of the Stage, whilst the others come forward.*

Glottenbal. (Speaking as he enters, loud and boastingly).
Aye, let him triumph in his paltry honours,
Won by mere trick and accident. Good faith!
It were a shame to call it strength or skill.
Were it not, Rudigere? *(Calling to Rudigere, who answers not).*

Maurice. His brow is dark, his tongue is lock'd, my Lord;

[1] *"a lively … influence"*: See the Preface to volume three of *Plays on the Passions*, included in the Appendix, page 371.

There come no words from him; he bears it not
So manfully as thou dost, noble Glottenbal.
Glot. Fy on't![2] I mind it not.
Maur. And wherefore should'st thou? This same Theobald,
Count and co-burgher[3]—mixture most unseemly
Of base and noble,—know we not right well
What powers assist him? Mark'd you not, my Lord,
How he did turn him to the witchy north,
When first he mounted; making his fierce steed,
That paw'd and rear'd and shook its harness'd neck
In generous pride, bend meekly to the earth
Its maned crest, like one who made obeisance?[4]
Glot. Ha! did'st thou really see it?
Maur. Yes, brave Glottenbal,
I did right truly; and besides myself,
Many observ'd it.
Glot. Then 'tis manifest
How all this foil hath been. Who e'er before
Saw one with such advantage of the field,
Lose it so shamefully? By my good fay![5]
Barring foul play and other dev'lish turns,
I'd keep my courser's[6] back with any lord,
Or Knight, or Squire that e'er bestrode a steed.
Think'st thou not, honest Maurice, that I could?
Maur. Who doubts it, good my Lord? This Falkenstein
Is but a clown to you.

Glot. Well let him boast.
Boasting I scorn; but I will shortly shew him
What these good arms, with no foul play against them,
Can honestly atchieve.
Maur. Yes, good my Lord; but chuse you well your day:
A moonless Friday luck did never bring
To honest combatant.
Glot. Ha! blessing on thee! I ne'er thought of this:
Now it is clear how our mischance befell.
Be sure thou tell to every one thou meet'st,
Friday and a dark moon suit Theobald.
Ho! Rudigere! hear'st thou not this?
Rudigere. (As he goes off, aside to Maurice).
Flatter the fool awhile and let me go,
I cannot join thee now. *(Exit).*
Glot. (Looking after Rudigere). Is he so crest-fallen?
Maur. He lacks your noble spirit.
Glot. Fy upon't!
I heed it not. Yet, by my sword and spurs!
'Twas a foul turn, that for my rival earn'd
A branch of victory from Orra's hand.
Maur. Aye, foul indeed! My blood boil'd high to see it.
Look where he proudly comes.
(Enter Theobald arm'd, with Attendants, having a green sprig stuck in his helmet).
Glot. (Going up to Theobald). Comest thou to face me so? Audacious Burgher!
The Lady Orra's favour suits thee not,
Though for a time thou hast upon me gain'd
A seeming 'vantage.
Theobald. A seeming 'vantage!—Then it is not true,
That thou, unhors'd, layd'st rolling in the dust,
Asking for quarter?—Let me crave thy pardon!
Some strange delusion hung upon our sight
That we believed it so.
Glot. Off with thy taunts!
And pull that sprig from its audacious perch:
The favour of a Dame too high for thee.
Theo. Too high indeed; and had'st thou also added,
Too good, too fair, I had assented to it.
Yet, be it known unto your courteous worth,
That were this sprig a Queen's gift, or received
From the brown hand of some poor mountain maid;
Yea, or bestow'd upon my rambling head,
As in the hairy sides of brouzing kid

2 *Fy on't!*: a variant of "fie on it!", i.e., an exclamation expressing disgust or indignant reproach.

3 *co-burgher*: "Burgher" usually denotes a citizen of a municipality, but the prefix "co-" here suggests Baillie means "burgomaster," a governing member of a town. "Co-burgher" here would mean that Theobald shares the rights of a single town council member with one other individual. In many ways, Theobald's rank of "co-burgher" indicates his status as poor noble—i.e., as a count with a ruined castle, but also suggests that he is at once noble and bourgeois.

4 *obeisance*: a bodily act or gesture expressing submission or respect, such as bowing, kneeling, or curtsying.

5 *fay*: i.e., faith; in this case meaning credit, authority, promise, or assurance.

6 *courser*: originally, a large and powerful horse used for tournaments and battle; since the seventeenth century, a swift horse used for racing.

The wild rose sticks a spray, unprized, unbidden,
I would not give it thee.
Glot. Dost thou so face me out? Then I will have it.
(Snatching at it with rage).
(Enter Hartman).
Hartman. (Separating them). What! Malice after fighting in the lists
As noble courteous knights!
Glot. (To Hartman). Go, paltry Banneret![7] Such friends as thou
Become such Lords as he, whose ruined state
Seeks the base fellowship of restless burghers;
Thinking to humble still, with envious spite,
The great and noble houses of the land.
I know ye well, and I defy you both,
With all your damned witchery to-boot. *(Exit grumbling, followed by Maurice, &c.).*
(Manent Theobald and Hartman).
Theo. How fierce the creature is, and full of folly!
Like a shent[8] cur to his own door retired,
That bristles up his furious back, and there
Each passenger annoys.—And this is he,
Whom sordid and ambitious Hughobert,
The guardian in the selfish father sunk,
Destines for Orra's husband.—O foul shame!
The carrion-crow and royal eagle join'd,
Make not so cross a match.—But think'st thou, Hartman,
She will submit to it?
Hart. That may be as thou pleasest, Falkenstein.
Theo. Away with mockery!
Hart. I mock thee not.
Theo. Nay, Banneret, thou dost. Saving this favour,
Which every victor in these listed combats
From Ladies' hands receives, nor then regards
As more than due and stated courtesy,
She ne'er hath honour'd me with word or look
Such hope to warrant.

Hart. Wait not thou for looks.
Theo. Thou would'st not have me to a Dame like this,
With rich domains and titled rights encompass'd,
These simple limbs, girt in their soldier's geer,
My barren hills and ruin'd tower present,
And say, "Accept—these will I nobly give
In fair exchange for thee and all thy wealth."
No, Rudolph Hartman, woo the maid thyself,
If thou hast courage for it.
Hart. Yes, Theobald of Falkenstein, I will,
And win her too; but all for thy behoof.[9]
And when I do present, as thou hast said,
Those simple limbs, girt in their soldier's geer,
Adding thy barren hills and ruin'd tower,
With some few items more of gen'rous worth
And native sense and manly fortitude;
I'll give her in return for all that she
Or any maid can in such barter yield,
Its fair and ample worth.
Theo. So dost thou reckon.
Hart. And so will Orra. Do not shake thy head.
I know the maid: for still she has received me
As one who knew her noble father well,
And in the bloody field in which he died
Fought by his side, with kind familiarity:
And her stern guardian, viewing these grey hairs
And this rough visage with no jealous eye,
Hath still admitted it.——I'll woo her for thee.
Theo. I do in truth believe thou mean'st me well.
Hart. And this is all thou say'st? Cold frozen words!
What has bewitch'd thee, man? Is she not fair?
Theo. O fair indeed as woman need be form'd
To please and be belov'd! Tho', to speak honestly,
I've fairer seen; yet such a form as Orra's
For ever in my busy fancy dwells,
Whene'er I think of wiving my lone state.
It is not this; she has too many lures;
Why wilt thou urge me on to meet her scorn?
I am not worthy of her.
Hart. (Pushing him away with gentle anger).
Go to! I praised thy modesty short-while,
And now with dull and senseless perseverance,
Thou would'st o'erlay me with it. Go thy ways!
If thro' thy fault, thus shrinking from the onset,

7 *Banneret*: originally, a knight entitled to bring a company of vassals into the field under his own banner, and who ranked next to a baron and above other knights; subsequently, the rank was conferred upon knights doing valiant deeds in battle.

8 *shent*: an archaic term meaning disgraced, lost, ruined, or stupified.

9 *behoof*: use, benefit, or advantage.

She should with that furious cub be match'd, 'twill rest
Upon thy conscience like a damning sin,
And may it gnaw thee shrewdly! *(Exeunt).*

Scene II: *A small Apartment in the Castle, enter Rudigere musing gloomily, and muttering to himself some time before he speaks aloud.*

Rud. No no; it is to formless air dissolved,
This cherish'd hope, this vision of my brain!
(Pacing to and fro, and then stopping and musing as before).
I daily stood contrasted in her sight
With an ungainly fool; and when she smiled,
Methought——But wherefore still upon this thought,
Which was perhaps but a delusion then,
Brood I with ceaseless torment? Never, never!
O never more on me, from Orra's eye,
Approving glance shall light, or gentle look!
This day's disgrace mars all my goodly dreams.
My path to greatness is at once shut up.
Still in the dust my grovling fortune lies.
(Striking his breast in despair).
Tame thine aspiring spirit, luckless wretch!
There is no hope for thee!
And shall I tame it? No, by saints and devils!
The laws have cast me off from every claim
Of house and kindred, and within my veins
Turn'd noble blood to baseness and reproach:
I'll cast them off: why should they be to me
A bar, and no protection?
(Pacing again to and fro, and muttering low for some time before he speaks aloud).
Aye; this may still within my toils enthral her:
This is the secret weakness of her mind,
On which I'll clutch my hold.
(Enter Cathrina behind him, laying her hand upon him).
Cathrina. Ha! speak'st thou to thyself?
Rud. (Starting). I did not speak.
Cath. Thou did'st; thy busy mind gave sound to thoughts
Which thou did'st utter with a thick harsh voice,
Like one who speaks in sleep. Tell me their meaning.
Rud. And dost thou so presume? Be wise; be humble.
(After a pause). Has Orra oft of late requested thee
To tell her stories of the restless dead?
Of spectres rising at the midnight watch
By the lone trav'ller's bed?
Cath. Wherefore of late dost thou so oft inquire
Of what she says and does?
Rud. Be wise, and answer what I ask of thee;
This is thy duty now.
Cath. Alas, alas! I know that one false step
Has o'er me set a stern and ruthless master.
Rud. No, madam; 'tis thy grave and virtuous seeming;
Thy saint-like carriage, rigid and demure,
On which thy high repute so long has stood,
Endowing thee with right of censorship
O'er every simple maid, whose cheerful youth
Wears not so thick a mask, that o'er thee sets
This ruthless master. Hereon rests my power:
I might expose, and therefore I command thee.
Cath. Hush, hush! approaching steps! They'll find me here!
I'll do whate'er thou wilt.
Rud. It is but Maurice: hie thee to thy closet,
Where I will shortly come to thee. Be thou
My faithful agent in a weighty matter,
On which I now am bent, and I will prove
Thy stay and shelter from the world's contempt.
Cath. Maurice to find me here! Where shall I hide me?
Rud. Nowhere, but boldly pass him as he enters.
I'll find some good excuse; he will be silent:
He is my agent also.
Cath. Dost thou trust him?
Rud. Avarice his master is, as shame is thine:
Therefore I trust to deal with both.—Away!
(Enter Maurice, passing Cathrina as she goes out).
Maur. What, doth the grave and virtuous Cathrina,
Vouchsafe to give thee of her company?
Rud. Yes, rigid saint! she has bestowed upon me
Some grave advice to bear with pious meekness
My late discomfiture.[10]
Maur. Ay, and she call'd it,
I could be sworn! heaven's judgment on thy pride.
Rud. E'en so: thou'st guessed it.—Shall we to the ramparts
And meet the western breeze? *(Exeunt).*

[10] *discomfiture*: utter defeat in battle or complete overthrow of plans.

Scene III: *A spacious Apartment. Enter Hughobert and Urston.*

Hughobert. (Speaking with angry gesticulation as he enters).
I feed and clothe these drones, and in return
They cheat, deceive, abuse me; nay, belike,
Laugh in their sleeve the while. By their advice,
This cursed tourney I proclaim'd; for still
They puffed me up with praises of my son—
His grace, his skill in arms, his horsemanship—
Count Falkenstein to him was but a clown—
And so, in Orra's eyes to give him honour,
Full surely did I think—I'll hang them all!
I'll starve them in a dungeon shut from light:
I'll heap my boards no more with dainty fare
To feed false flatterers.
Urston. That indeed were wise:
But art thou sure, when men shall speak the truth,
That thou wilt feed them for it? I but hinted
In gentle words to thee, that Glottenbal
Was praised with partial or affected zeal,
And thou receiv'dst it angrily.
Hugh. Aye, true indeed: but thou did'st speak of him
As one bereft of all capacity.
Now though, God wot![11] I look on his defects
With no blind love, and even in my ire
Will sometimes call him fool; yet, ne'ertheless,
He still has parts and talents, tho' obscur'd
By some untoward failings.—Heaven be praised!
He wants not strength at least and well turn'd limbs,
Had they but taught him how to use them. Knaves!
They have neglected him.
(Enter Glottenbal, who draws back on seeing his Father).
Advance, young Sir: art thou afraid of me?
That thus thou shrinkest like a skulking thief
To make disgrace the more apparent on thee?
Glot. Yes, call it then disgrace, or what you please;
Had not my lance's point somewhat awry
Glanced on his shield——
Hugh. E'en so; I doubt it not;
Thy lance's point, and every thing about thee
Hath glanced awry. Go, rid my house, I say,
Of all those feasting flatterers that deceive thee;
They harbour here no more: dismiss them quickly.
Glot. Do it yourself, my Lord; you are, I trow,
Angry enough to do it sharply.
Hugh. (Turning to Urston). Faith!
He gibes[12] me fairly here; there's reason in't;
Fools speak not thus. *(To Glottenbal).* Go to! if I am angry,
Thou art a graceless son to tell me so.
Glot. Have you not bid me still to speak the truth?
Hugh. (To Urston). Again thou hear'st he makes an apt reply.
Urst. He wants not words.
Hugh. Nor meaning neither, Father.
(Enter Eleanora).
Well Dame; where hast thou been?
El. I came from Orra.
Hugh. Hast thou been pleading in our son's excuse?
And how did she receive it?
El. I tried to do it, but her present humour
Is jest and merriment. She is behind me,
Stopping to stroke a hound, that in the corridor
Came to her fawningly to be carest.
Glot. (Listening). Aye she is coming; light and quick her steps;
So sound they, when her spirits are unruly.
But I am bold; she shall not mock me now.
(Enter Orra, tripping gaily, and playing with the folds of her scarf).
Methinks you trip it briskly, gentle Dame.
Orra. Does it offend you, noble Knight?
Glot. Go to!
I know your meaning. Wherefore smile you so?
Orra. Because, good sooth! with tired and aching sides
I have not power to laugh.
Glot. Full well I know why thou so merry art.
Thou think'st of him to whom thou gav'st that sprig
Of hopeful green, his rusty casque[13] to grace,
Whilst at thy feet his honour'd glave[14] he laid.
Orra. Nay, rather say, of him, who at my feet,
From his proud courser's back, more gallantly
Laid his most precious self: then stole away,
Thro' modesty, unthank'd, nor left behind

11 *wot*: know or knows.

12 *gibes*: to speak sneeringly; to scoff or taunt.

13 *casque*: a piece of armor to cover the head; a helmet.

14 *glave*: lance or spear.

Of all his geer that flutter'd in the dust,
Or glove or band, or fragment of torn hose,
For dear remembrance-sake, that in my sleeve
I might have stuck it. O! thou wrong'st me much
To think my merriment a ref'rence hath
To any one but him. *(Laughing).*

El. Nay, Orra; these wild fits of uncurb'd laughter,
Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind,
As it has low'r'd of late, so keenly cast,
Unsuited seem and strange.

Orra. O nothing strange, my gentle Eleanora!
Did'st thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud
In the sunn'd glimpses of a stormy day,
Shiver in silv'ry brightness?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?
Or lonely Tower, from its brown mass of woods,
Give to the parting of a wintry sun
One hasty glance in mockery of the night
Closing in darkness round it?—Gentle Friend!
Chide not her mirth, who was sad yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow.

Glot. And wherefore art thou sad, unless it is
From thine own way-ward humour? Other Dames
Were they so courted, would be gay and happy.

Orra. Way-ward it needs must be, since I am sad
When such perfection woos me.
Pray, good Glottenbal,
How did'st thou learn with such a wond'rous grace
To toss thy armed heels up in the air,
And clutch with outspread hands the slipp'ry sand?
I was the more amaz'd at thy dexterity,
As this, of all the feats which thou, before-hand,
Did'st promise to perform, most modestly,
Thou did'st forbear to mention.

Glot. Gibe away!
I care not for thy gibing. With fair lists,
And no black arts against me——

Hugh. (Advancing angrily from the bottom of the stage to Glottenbal).
Hold thy peace!
(To Orra). And, madam, be at least somewhat restrained
In your unruly humour.

Orra. Pardon, my Lord: I knew not you were near me.
My humour is unruly: with your leave,
I will retire till I have curb'd it better.
(To Eleanora). I would not lose your company, sweet Countess.

El. We'll go together then.

(Exeunt Orra and Eleanora. Manet Hughobert; who paces angrily about the stage, while Glottenbal stands on the front, thumping his legs with his sheath'd rapier).

Hugh. There is no striving with a forward girl,
Nor pushing on a fool. My harassed life,
Day after day, more irksome grows.—Curs'd bane!
I'll toil no more for this untoward match.

(Enter Rudigere, stealing behind and listening).

Rud. You are disturb'd, my Lord.

Hugh. What, is it thou? I am disturbed in-sooth.

Rud. Aye, Orra has been here, and some light words
Of girlish levity have mov'd you. How!
Toil for this match no more! What else remains,
If this should be abandon'd, noble Aldenberg!
That can be worth your toil?

Hugh. I'll match the cub elsewhere.

Rud. What call ye matching?

Hugh. Surely for him some other virtuous maid
Of high descent, tho' not so richly dowried,
May be obtain'd.

Rud. Within your walls, perhaps,
Some waiting gentle-woman, who perchance
May be some fifty generations back
Descended from a king, he will himself,
Ere long obtain, without your aid, my Lord.

Hugh. Thou mak'st me mad! the dolt! the senseless dolt!
What can I do for him? I cannot force
A noble maid entrusted to my care.
I, the sole guardian of her helpless youth.

Rud. That were indeed unfit: but there are means
To make her yield consent.

Hugh. Then by my faith, good friend, I'll call thee wizard,
If thou can'st find them out. What means already,
Short of compulsion, have we left untried?
And now the term of my authority
Wears to its close.

Rud. I know it well; and therefore powerful means,
And of quick operation, must be sought.

Hugh. Speak plainly to me?

Rud. I've watch'd her long.
I've seen her cheek flush'd with the rosy glow
Of jocund spirits, deadly pale become
At tale of nightly sprite or apparition,
Such as all hear, 'tis true, with greedy ears,
Saying, "Saints save us!" but forget as quickly.
I've mark'd her long: she has, with all her shrewdness
And playful merriment, a gloomy fancy,
That broods within itself on fearful things.
Hugh. And what doth this avail us?
Rud. Hear me out.
Your ancient castle in the Suabian forest
Hath, as too well you know, belonging to it,
Or false or true, frightful reports. There hold her
Strictly confined in sombre banishment;
And doubt not but she will, ere long, full gladly
Her freedom purchase at the price you name.
Hugh. On what pretence can I confine her there?
It were most odious.
Rud. Can pretence be wanting?
Has she not favour shewn to Theobald,
Who in your neighbourhood, with his sworn friend
The Banneret of Basle, suspiciously
Prolongs his stay? A poor and paltry Count,
Unmeet to match with her. And want ye then
A reason for removing her with speed
To some remoter quarter? Out upon it!
You are too scrupulous.
Hugh. Thy scheme is good, but cruel.
Glot. (Who has been drawing nearer to them, and attending to the last part of their discourse).
O much I like it, dearly wicked Rudigere!
She then will turn her mind to other thoughts
Than scornful gibes at me.
Hugh. I to her father swore I would protect her:
I would fulfill his will.
Rud. And, in that will, her father did desire
She might be match'd with this your only son;
Therefore you're firmly bound all means to use
That may the end attain.
Hugh. Walk forth with me, we'll talk of this at large.
(Exeunt Hughobert and Rudigere. Manet Glottenbal, who comes forward from the bottom of the stage with the action of a knight advancing to the charge).
Glot. Yes, thus it is; I have the slight o't now:
And were the combat yet to come, I'd shew them
I'm not a whit behind the bravest knight,
Cross luck excepted.
(Enter Maurice).
Maur. My Lord, indulge us of your courtesy.
Glot. In what I pray?
Maur. Did not Fernando tell you?
We are all met within our social bower;
And I have wager'd on your head, that none
But you alone, within the Count's domains,
Can to the bottom drain the chased horn.
Come; do not linger here when glory calls you.
Glot. Think'st thou that Theobald could drink so stoutly?
Maur. He, paltry chief! he herds with sober burghers;
A goblet, half its size, would conquer him.
(Exeunt).

Act II

Scene I: *A Garden with Trees, and Shrubs, &c. Orra, Theobald, and Hartman, are discovered in a shaded Walk at the bottom of the Stage, speaking in dumb Show, which they cross, disappearing behind the Trees; and are presently followed by Cathrina and Alice, who continue walking there. Orra, Theobald, and Hartman then appear again, entering near the front of the Stage.*

Orra (Talking to Hartman as she enters).
And so, since fate has made me, woe the day!
That poor and good-for-nothing, helpless being.
Woman yclept,[15] I must consign myself
With all my lands and rights into the hands
Of some proud man, and say, "Take all, I pray,
And do me in return the grace and favour
To be my master."
Hart. Nay, gentle Lady! you constrain my words
And load them with a meaning harsh and foreign
To what they truly bear.—A master! No:
A valiant gentle mate, who in the field
Or in the council will maintain your right:
A noble, equal partner.
Orra (Shaking her head). Well I know
In such a partnership, the share of power
Allotted to the wife. See; noble Falkenstein

[15] *yclept*: called, named, or styled.

Hath silent been the while, nor spoke one word
In aid of all your specious arguments.
(To Theobald). What's your advice, my Lord?
Theo. Ah, noble Orra!
'Twere like self-murder to give honest counsel,
Then urge me not.—I frankly do confess
I should be more heroic than I am.
Orra. Right well I see thy head approves my plan,
And by and by, so will thy gen'rous heart.
In short, I would, without another's leave,
Improve the low condition of my peasants,
And cherish them in peace. Ev'n now methinks
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, up-heaves its roof,
Like to a hillock mov'd by lab'ring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clamb'ring up its walls,
Roses and ev'ry gay and fragrant plant,
Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower.
Aye, and within it too do fairies dwell.
(Looking playfully thro' her fingers like a shew-glass).
Peep thro' its wreathed window, if indeed
The flowers grow not too close; and there within
Thou'lt see some half a dozen rosy brats,
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk;—
Those are my mountain elves. See'st thou not
Their very forms distinctly?
Theo. O most distinctly! And most beautiful
The sight! Which sweetly stirreth in the heart
Feelings that gladden and ennoble it,
Dancing like sun-beams on the rippled sea:
A blessed picture! Foul befall the man
Whose narrow selfish soul would shade or mar it!
Hart. To this right heartily I say Amen!
But if there be a man, whose gen'rous soul
(Turning to Orra) Like ardour fills; who would
with thee pursue
Thy gen'rous plan; who would his harness don—
Orra (Putting her hand on him in gentle interruption).
Nay, valiant Banneret, who would, an' please you,
His harness doff: all feuds, all strife forbear,
All military rivalship, all lust
Of added power, and live in steady quietness
A mild and fost'ring Lord. Know you of one
That would so share my task?—You answer not.
And your brave friend methinks casts on the ground
A thoughtful look; *(To Theobald)* wots he of such
a Lord?
Theo. Wot I of such a Lord!—No, noble Orra,
I do not, nor does Hartman, tho' perhaps
His friendship may betray his judgment. No;
None such exist; we are all fierce, contentious,
Restless and proud, and prone to vengeful feuds;
The very distant sound of war excites us,
Like coursers list'ning to the chase, who paw
And fret and bite the curbing rein. Trust none
To cross thy gentle, but most princely purpose,
Who hath on head a circling helmet wore,
Or ever grasp'd a glave.—But ne'ertheless
There is—I know a man.— Might I be bold?
Orra. Being so honest, boldness is your right.
Theo. Permitted then, I'll say, I know a man,
Tho' most unworthy Orra's Lord to be,
Who, as her champion, friend, devoted soldier,
Might yet commend himself; and, so received,
Who would at her command, for her defence
His sword right proudly draw. An honour'd sword,
Like that which at the gate of Paradise
From steps profane the blessed region guarded.
Orra. Thanks to the gen'rous knight! I also know
The man thou would'st commend; and when my
state
Such service needeth, to no sword but his
Will I that service owe.
Theo. Most noble Orra! greatly is he honour'd;
And will not murmur that a higher wish,
Too high, and too presumptuous, is repress.
(Kissing her hand with great respect).
Orra. Nay, Rudolph Hartman, clear that cloudy brow,
And look on Falkenstein and on myself,
As two co-burghers of thy native city,
(For such I mean ere long to be), and claiming
From thee, as cadets from an elder born,
Thy cheering equal kindness.
(Enter a Servant).
Servant. The count is now at leisure to receive
The Lord of Falkenstein, and Rudolph Hartman.
Hart. We shall attend him shortly. *(Exit Servant).*
(Aside to Theobald). Must we now
Our purpos'd suit, to some pretended matter
Of slighter import change?
Theo. (To Hartman aside). Assuredly.—
Madam, I take my leave with all devotion.
Hart. I with all friendly wishes.

(Exeunt Theobald and Hartman. Cathrina and Alice now advance through the shrubs, &c. at the bottom of the stage, while Orra remains, wrapped in thought, on the front).

Cath. Madam, you're thoughtful; something occupies
Your busy mind.
Orra. What was't we talk'd of, when the worthy Banneret
With Falkenstein upon our converse broke?
Cath. How we should spend our time, when in your castle
You shall maintain your state in ancient splendour,
With all your vassals round you.
Orra. Aye, so it was.
Alice. And you did say, my Lady,
It should not be a cold unsocial grandeur:
That you would keep, the while, a merry house.
Orra. O doubt it not! I'll gather round my board
All that heav'n sends to me of way-worn folks,
And noble travellers, and neighb'ring friends,
Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
The worn-out man of arms, (of whom too many,
Nobly descended, rove like reckless vagrants
From one proud chieftain's castle to another,
Half chid, half honour'd) shall o' tiptoe tread,
Tossing his grey locks from his wrinkled brow
With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
Of days gone by.—Music we'll have; and oft
The bick'ring dance upon our oaken floors
Shall, thund'ring loud, strike on the distant ear
Of 'nighted trav'llers, who shall gladly bend
Their doubtful footsteps tow'rds the cheering din.
Solemn, and grave, and cloister'd, and demure
We shall not be. Will this content ye, damsels?
Alice. O passing well! 'twill be a pleasant life;
Free from all stern subjection; blithe and fanciful;
We'll do whate'er we list.
Cath. That right and prudent is, I hope thou meanest.
Alice. Why ever so suspicious and so strict?
How could'st thou think I had another meaning?
(To Orra). And shall we ramble in the woods full oft
With hound and horn?—that is my dearest joy.
Orra. Thou runn'st me fast, good Alice. Do not doubt
This shall be wanting to us. Ev'ry season
Shall have its suited pastime: even Winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And chok'd up valleys from our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate; the empty hall forsaking,
In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire,
We'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between.
Cath. And stories too, I ween,[16] of ghosts and spirits,
And things unearthly, that on Michael's eve[17]
Rise from the yawning tombs.
Orra. Thou thinkest then one night o' th' year is truly
More horrid than the rest.
Cath. Perhaps 'tis only silly superstition:
But yet it is well known the Count's brave father
Would rather on a glacier's point have lain,
By angry tempests rock'd, than on that night
Sunk in a downy couch in Brunier's castle.
Orra. How pray? What fearful thing did scare him so?
Cath. Hast thou ne'er heard the story of Count Hugo,
His ancestor, who slew the hunter-knight?
Orra (Eagerly). Tell it I pray thee.
Alice. Cathrina, tell it not: it is not right:
Such stories ever change her cheerful spirits
To gloomy pensiveness; her rosy bloom
To the wan colour of a shrouded corse.
(To Orra). What pleasure is there, Lady, when thy hand,
Cold as the valley's ice, with hasty grasp
Seizes on her who speaks, while thy shrunk form
Cow'ring and shiv'ring stands with keen turn'd ear
To catch what follows of the pausing tale?
Orra. And let me cow'ring stand, and be my touch
The valley's ice: there is a pleasure in it.
Alice. Say'st thou indeed there is a pleasure in it?
Orra. Yea, when the cold blood shoots through every vein:
When every hair's-pit on my shrunken skin
A knotted knoll becomes, and to mine ears
Strange inward sounds awake, and to mine eyes
Rush stranger tears, there is a joy in fear.
(Catching hold of Cathrina).
Tell it, Cathrina, for the life within me
Beats thick, and stirs to hear it.
He slew the hunter-knight?

16 *ween*: think, surmise, or suppose.
17 *Michael's eve*: September 28; the evening before the feast of St. Michael, or Michaelmas.

Cath. Since I must tell it, then, the story goes
That grim Count Aldenberg, the ancestor
Of Hughobert and also of yourself,
From hatred or from envy, did decoy
A noble knight, who hunted in the forest,
Well the Black Forest named, into his castle,
And there, within his chamber, murder'd him—
Orra. Merciful Heaven! and in my veins there runs
A murderer's blood. Said'st thou not, *murder'd him?*
Cath. Aye; as he lay asleep, at dead of night.
Orra. A deed most horrible!
Cath. It was on Michael's eve; and since that time,
The neighb'ring hinds[18] oft hear the midnight yell
Of spectre-hounds, and see the spectre shapes
Of huntsmen on their sable steeds, with still
A nobler hunter riding in their van
To cheer the desp'rate chase, by moonlight shewn,
When wanes its horn, in long October nights.
Orra. This hath been often seen?
Cath. Aye, so they say.
But, as the story goes, on Michael's eve,
And on that night alone of all the year,
The hunter-knight himself, having a horn
Thrice sounded at the gate, the castle enters;
And, in the very chamber where he died,
Calls on his murd'rer, or in his default
Some true descendant of his house, to loose
His spirit from its torment; for his body
Is laid i' the earth unbless'd, and none can tell
The spot of its interment.
Orra. Call on some true descendant of his race!
It were to such a fearful interview.
But in that chamber, on that night alone——
Hath he elsewhere to any of the race
Appear'd? or hath he power——
Alice. Nay, nay, forbear:
See how she looks. *(To Orra)* I fear thou art not well.
Orra. There is a sickly faintness come upon me.
Alice. And did'st thou say there is a joy in fear?
Orra. My mind of late has strange impressions ta'en.
I know not how it is.
Alice. A few nights since,
Stealing o'tiptoe, softly thro' your chamber,
Towards my own——

[18] *hinds*: agricultural laborers or servants; rustics.

Orra. O heaven defend us! did'st thou see aught there?
Alice. Only your sleeping self. But you appear'd
Distress'd and troubled in your dreams; and once
I thought to wake you ere I left the chamber,
But I forbore.
Orra. And glad I am thou did'st.
It is not dreams I fear; for still with me
There is an indistinctness o'er them cast,
Like the dull gloom of misty twilight, where
Before mine eyes pass all incongruous things,
Huge, horrible and strange, on which I stare
As idiots do upon this changeful world
With nor surprise nor speculation. No;
Dreams I fear not: it is the dreadful waking,
When in deep midnight stillness, the roused fancy
Takes up th' imperfect shadows of its sleep,
Like a marr'd speech snatch'd from a bungler's[19]
mouth,
Shaping their forms distinctively and vivid
To visions horrible:—this is my bane;—
It is the dreadful waking that I fear.
Alice. Well, speak of other things. There in good time
Your ghostly father comes with quicken'd steps,
Like one who bears some tidings good or ill.
Heaven grant they may be good!
(Enter Urston).
Orra. Father, you seem disturb'd.
Urst. Daughter, I am in truth disturb'd. The Count
Has o' the sudden, being much enraged
That Falkenstein still lingers near these walls,
Resolves to send thee hence, to be awhile
In banishment detained, till on his son
Thou look'st with better favour.
Orra. Aye, indeed!
That is to say perpetual banishment:
A sentence light or heavy, as the place
Is sweet or irksome he would send me to.
Urst. He will contrive to make it, doubt him not,
Irksome enough. Therefore I would advise thee
To feign at least, but for a little time,
A disposition to obey his wishes.
He's stern, but not relentless; and his Dame,
The gentle Eleanor, will still befriend you,
When fit occasion serves.

[19] *bungler*: a clumsy or unskilled worker.

Orra. What said'st thou, Father?
To feign a disposition to obey!
I did mistake thy words.
Urst. No, gentle daughter;
So press'd, thou mayest feign and yet be blameless.[20]
A trusty guardian's faith with thee he holds not,
And therefore thou art free to meet his wrongs
With what defence thou hast.
Orra (Proudly). Nay, pardon me; I, with an unshorn crown,
Must hold the truth in plain simplicity,
And am in nice distinctions most unskilful.
Urst. Lady, have I deserv'd this sharpness? oft
Thine infant hand has strok'd this shaven crown:
Thou'st ne'er till now reproach'd it.
Orra (Bursting into tears). Pardon, O pardon me, my gentle Urston!
Pardon a wayward child, whose eager temper
Doth sometimes mar the kindness of her heart.
Father, am I forgiven? *(Hanging on him).*
Urst. Thou art, thou art:
Thou art forgiven; more than forgiven, my child.
Orra. Then lead me to the Count, I will myself
Learn his stern purpose.
Urst. In the hall he is,
Seated in state, and waiting to receive you.
(Exeunt).

Scene II: *A spacious Apartment, or Baron's Hall, with a Chair of State, Hughobert, Eleanora, and Glottenbal enter near the Front, speaking as they enter; and afterwards enter Vassals and Attendants, who range themselves at the bottom of the Stage.*

Hugh. Cease, Dame! I will not hear; thou striv'st in vain
With thy weak pleadings. Orra hence must go
Within the hour, unless she will engage
Her plighted word to marry Glottenbal.
Glot. Aye, and a mighty hardship, by the mass!
Hugh. I've summon'd her in solemn form before me,
That these my vassals should my act approve,
Knowing my right of guardianship; and also
That her late father, in his dying moments,
Did will she should be married to my son;
Which will, she now must promise to obey,
Or take the consequence.
El. But why so hasty?
Hugh. Why, say'st thou! Falkenstein still in these parts
Lingers with sly intent. Even now he left me,
After an interview of small importance,
Which he and Hartman, as a blind pretence
For seeing Orra, formally requested.
I say again she must forthwith obey me,
Or take the consequence of wayward will.
El. Nay, not for Orra do I now entreat
So much as for thyself. Bethink thee well
What honour thou shalt have, when it is known
Thy ward from thy protecting roof was sent;
Thou who should'st be to her a friend, a father.
Hugh. But do I send her unprotected? No!
Brave Rudigere conducts her with a band
Of trusty spearmen. In her new abode
She will be safe as here.
El. Ha! Rudigere!
Put'st thou such trust in him? Alas, my Lord!
His heart is full of cunning and deceit.
Wilt thou to him the flower of all thy race
Rashly intrust? O be advised, my Lord!
Hugh. Thy ghostly father tells thee so, I doubt not.
Another priest confesses Rudigere,
And Urston likes him not. But can'st thou think,
With aught but honest purpose, he would chuse
From all her women the severe Cathrina,
So strictly virtuous, for her companion?
This puts all doubt to silence. Say no more,
Else I shall think thou plead'st against my son,
More with a step-dame's than a mother's feelings.
Glot. Aye, marry does she father! And forsooth!
Regards me as a fool. No marvel then
That Orra scorns me; being taught by her,—
How should she else?—So to consider me.
Hugh. (To Glottenbal). Tut! hold thy tongue.
El. He wrongs me much, my Lord.
Hugh. No more, for here she comes.
(Enter Orra, attended by Urston, Alice and Cathrina, and Hughobert seats himself in his chair of state, the Vassals, &c. ranging themselves on each side).

20 *So press'd … yet be blameless*: Baillie here echoes volume 1, chapter 8 of Ann Radcliffe's *The Italian* (1797), in which Olivia instructs Ellena that she should feign submission in order to escape "unnecessary torments."

Hugh. (To Orra). Madam and ward, placed under
mine authority,
And to my charge committed by my kinsman,
Ulric of Aldenberg, thy noble father;
Having all gentle means essay'd to win thee
To the fulfilment of his dying will,
That did decree his heiress should be married
With Glottenbal my heir; I solemnly
Now call upon thee, ere that rougher means
Be used for this good end, to promise truly
Thou wilt, within a short and stated time,
Before the altar give thy plighted faith
To this my only son. I wait thine answer.
Orra of Aldenberg, wilt thou do this?
Orra. Count of the same, my Lord and guardian,
I will not.
Hugh. Have a care thou froward[21] maid!
'Tis thy last opportunity: ere long
Thou shalt, within a dreary dwelling pent,
Count thy dull hours, told by the dead man's watch,
And wish thou had'st not been so proudly wilful.
Orra. And let my dull hours by the dead man's watch
Be told; yea, make me too the dead man's mate,
My dwelling place the nailed coffin; still
I would prefer it to the living Lord
Your goodness offers me.
Hugh. Art thou bewitch'd?
Is he not young, well featured and well form'd?
And dost thou put him in thy estimation
With bones and sheeted clay?[22]
Beyond endurance is thy stubborn spirit.
Right well thy father knew that all thy sex
Stubborn and headstrong are; therefore, in wisdom,
He vested me with power that might compel thee
To what he will'd should be.
Orra. O not in wisdom!
Say rather in that weak, but gen'rous faith,
Which said to him, the cope[23] of heaven would fall
And smother in its cradle his swath'd babe,
Rather than thou, his mate in arms, his kinsman,
Who by his side in many a field had fought,
Should'st take advantage of his confidence
For sordid ends.—
My brave and noble father!
A voice comes from thy grave and cries against it,
And bids me to be bold. Thine awful form
Rises before me,—and that look of anguish
On thy dark brow!—O no! I blame thee not.
Hugh. Thou seem'st beside thyself with such wild
gestures
And strangely-flashing eyes. Repress these fancies,
And to plain reason listen. Thou hast said,
For sordid ends I have advantage ta'en.
Since thy brave father's death, by war and compact,
Thou of thy lands hast lost a third; whilst I,
By happy fortune, in my heir's behalf,
Have doubled my domains to what they were
When Ulric chose him as a match for thee.
Orra. O, and what speaketh this, but that my father
Domains regarded not; and thought a man
Such as the son should be of such a man
As thou to him appear'dst, a match more honourable
Than one of ampler state. Take thou from Glottenbal
The largely added lands of which thou boastest,
And put, in lieu thereof, into his stores
Some weight of manly sense and gen'rous worth,
And I will say thou keep'st faith with thy friend:
But as it is, did'st thou unto thy wealth
A kingdom add, thou poorly would'st deceive him.
Hugh. (Rising from his chair in anger).
Now, madam, be all counsel on this matter
Between us closed. Prepare thee for thy journey.
El. Nay, good my Lord! consider.
Hugh. (To Eleanora). What, again!
Have I not said thou hast an alien's heart
From me and mine. Learn to respect my will
In silence, as becomes a youthful Dame.
Urst. For a few days may she not still remain?
Hugh. No, priest; not for an hour. It is my pleasure
That she for Brunier's castle do set forth
Without delay.
Orra (With a faint starting movement).
In Brunier's castle!
Hugh. Aye;
And doth this change the colour of thy cheek,
And give thy alter'd voice a feebler sound?

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21 *froward*: disposed to go counter to what is demanded or reasonable; perverse.

22 *sheeted clay*: i.e., skin.

23 *cope*: usually, a long, dark cloak or cape worn by ecclesiastics; here, the over-arching canopy of heaven.

(Aside to Glottenbal). She shrinks, now to her, boy;
this is thy time.
Glot. (To Orra). Unless thou wilt, thou need'st not
go at all.
There is full many a maiden would right gladly
Accept the terms we offer, and remain.
(A pause). Wilt thou not answer me?
Orra. I did not hear thee speak.—
I heard thy voice, but not thy words: What said'st
thou?
Glot. I say, there's many a maiden would right gladly
Accept the terms we offer, and remain.
The daughter of a King hath match'd ere now
With mine inferior. We are link'd together
As 'twere by right and natural property.
And as I've said before I say again,
I love thee too: What more could'st thou desire?
Orra. I thank thee for thy courtship, tho' uncouth;
For it confirms my purpose; and my strength
Grows as thou speak'st, firm like the deep-bas'd rock.
(To Hughobert). Now for my journey when you
will, my Lord;
I'm ready.
Hugh. Be it so! on thine own head
Rest all the blame. *(Going from her).* Perverse past
all belief!
(Turning round to her sternly). Orra of Aldenberg,
wilt thou obey me?
Orra. Count of that noble house, with all respect,
Again I say I will not.
(Exit Hughobert in anger, followed by Glottenbal, Urston, &c. Manent only Eleanora, Cathrina, Alice, and Orra, who keeps up with stately pride till Hughobert and all Attendants are gone out, and then throwing herself into the arms of Eleanora, gives vent to her feelings).
El. Sweet Orra! be not so depress'd; thou goest
For a short term, soon to return again;
The banishment is mine who stays behind.
But I will beg of heaven with ceaseless prayers
To have thee soon restored: and, when I dare,
Will plead with Hughobert in thy behalf;
He is not always stern.
Orra. Thanks, gentle friend! Thy voice to me doth
sound
Like the last sounds of kindly nature; dearly
In my remembrance shall they rest.—What sounds,
What sights, what horrid intercourse I may,
Ere we shall meet again, be doom'd to prove,
High heaven alone doth know.—If that indeed
We e'er shall meet again! *(Falls on her neck and weeps).*
El. Nay, nay! come to my chamber. There awhile
Compose your spirits. Be not so deprest.
(Exeunt. Rudigere, who has appear'd, during the last part of the above scene, at the bottom of the stage, half concealed, as if upon the watch, now comes forward. Speaking as he advances).
Rud. Hold firm her pride till fairly from these walls
Our journey is begun; then fortune hail!
Thy favours are secured. *(Looking off the stage).*
Ho, Maurice there!
(Enter Maurice).
My faithful Maurice, I would speak with thee.
I leave thee here behind me; to thy care,
My int'rests I commit; be it thy charge
To counteract thy Lady's influence,
Who will entreat her Lord the term to shorten
Of Orra's absence, maiming thus my plan,
Which must, belike, have time to be effected.
Be vigilant, be artful; and be sure
Thy services I amply will repay.
Maur. Aye, thou hast said so, and I have believed thee.
Rud. And dost thou doubt?
Maur. No; yet meantime, good sooth!
If somewhat of thy bounty I might finger,
'Twere well: I like to have some actual proof.
Did'st thou not promise it?
Rud. 'Tis true I did,
But other pressing calls have drain'd my means.
Maur. And other pressing calls within my mind,
May make my faith to falter.
Rud. Go to! I know thou art a greedy leech,
Tho' ne'ertheless thou lov'st me.
(Taking a small case from his pocket, which he opens).
See'st thou here?
I have no coin; but look upon these jewels:
I took them from a knight I slew in battle.
When I am Orra's lord, thou shalt receive,
Were it ten thousand crowns, whate'er their worth
Shall by a skilful lapidary[24] be
In honesty esteem'd. *(Gives him the jewels).*

[24] *lapidary*: one concerned with stones; a cutter or polisher of precious stones.

Maur. I thank thee, but methinks their lustre's dim.
I've seen the stones before upon thy breast
In gala days, but never heard thee boast
They were of so much value.
Rud. I was too prudent: I had lost them else.
To no one but thyself would I entrust
The secret of their value.
(Enter Servant).
Serv. Sir Rudigere, the spearmen are without,
Waiting your further orders, for the journey.
Rud. (To Servant). I'll come to them anon. *(Exit Servant).*
Before I go, I'll speak to thee again. *(Exeunt severally).*

Act III

Scene I: *A Forest with a half-ruined Castle in the Back-Ground, seen through the Trees by Moon-light. Franko and several Outlaws are discovered sitting on the Ground, round a Fire, with Flaggons, &c. by them, as if they had been drinking.*

Song of Several Voices:

The chough[25] and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray,
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men!
It is our op'ning day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And clos'd is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my Lady's bower;
Bewilder'd hinds with shorten'd ken[26]
Shrink on their murky way,
Uprouse, ye, then, my merry men!
It is our op'ning day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow
To bless a good man's store;
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day,
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
And use it as ye may.

Franko (To 1st Outlaw). How lik'st thou this, Fernando?
1st Outlaw. Well sung i'faith![27] but serving ill our turn,
Who would all trav'llers and benighted[28] folks
Scare from our precincts. Such sweet harmony
Will rather tempt invasion.
Franko. Fear not, for mingled voices, heard afar,
Thro' glade and glen and thicket, stealing on
To distant list'ners, seem wild-goblin-sounds;
At which the lonely trav'ller checks his steed,
Pausing with long-drawn breath and keen-turn'd ear;
And twilight pilferers cast down in haste
Their ill-got burthens, while the homeward hind
Turns from his path, full many a mile about,
Thro' bog and mire to grope his blund'ring way.
Such, to the startled ear of superstition,
Were seraph's song, could we like seraphs[29] sing.
(Enter 2nd Outlaw, hastily).
2nd Outlaw. Disperse ye diff'rent ways: we are undone.
Franko. How say'st thou, shrinking poltroon?[30] we undone!
Outlaw'd and ruin'd men, who live by daring!
2nd Out. A train of armed men, some noble Dame
Escorting, (so their scatter'd words discover'd
As unperceiv'd I hung upon their rear),
Are close at hand, and mean to pass the night
Within the castle.
Franko. Some benighted travellers,
Bold from their numbers, or who ne'er have heard
The ghostly legend of this dreaded place.
1st Out. Let us keep close within our vaulted haunts;
The way to which is tangled and perplex'd,

25 *chough*: a bird of the crow family, formerly applied to the common jackdaw.
26 *ken*: range of sight or vision.
27 *i'faith*: i.e., in faith, here meaning "to be sure."
28 *benighted*: overtaken by the darkness of the night; unenlightened.
29 *seraph*: one of the seraphim; an angel.
30 *poltroon*: a spiritless coward.

And cannot be discover'd: with the morn
They will depart.
Franko. Nay, by the holy mass! within those walls
Not for a night must trav'llers quietly rest,
Or few or many. Would we live securely,
We must uphold the terrors of the place:
Therefore, let us prepare our midnight rouse.
(Lights seen from the castle).
See, from the windows of the castle gleam
Quick passing lights, as tho' they moved within
(Bell heard).
In hurried preparation; and that bell,
Which from yon turret its shrill 'larum sends,
Betokens some unwonted[31] stir. Come, hearts!
Be all prepared, before the midnight watch,
The fiend-like din of our infernal chace
Around the walls to raise.—Come; night
advances. *(Exeunt).*

Scene II: *A Gothic Room in the Castle, with the Stage darkened. Enter Cathrina, bearing a Light, followed by Orra.*

Orra (Catching her by the robe and pulling her back).
Advance no further: turn, I pray! This room
More dismal and more ghastly seems than that
Which we have left behind. Thy taper's light,
As thus aloft thou wav'st it to and fro,
The fretted ceiling gilds with feeble brightness,
While over-head its carved ribs glide past
Like edgy waves of a dark sea, returning
To an eclipsed moon its sullen sheen.
Cath. To me it seems less dismal than the other.
See, here are chairs around the table set,
As if its last inhabitants had left it
Scarcely an hour ago.
(Setting the light upon the table).
Orra. Alas! how many hours and years have past
Since human forms around this table sat,
Or lamp or taper on its surface gleam'd!
Methinks I hear the sound of time long past
Still murm'ring o'er us in the lofty void
Of those dark arches, like the ling'ring voices
Of those who long within their graves have slept.

31 *unwonted*: not habitual; strange or unusual.

It was their gloomy home; now it is mine.
(Sits down, resting her arm upon the table, and covering her eyes with her hand. Enter Rudigere, beckoning Cathrina to come to him; and speaks to her in a low voice at the corner of the stage).
Rud. Go and prepare thy lady's chamber; why
Dost thou for ever closely near her keep?
Cath. She charged me so to do.
Rud. I charge thee also
With paramount authority, to leave her:
I for awhile will take thy station here.
Thou art not mad? Thou dost not hesitate?
(Fixing his eyes on her with a fierce threatening look, from which she shrinks. Exit Cathrina).
Orra. This was the home of bloody lawless power.
The very air rests thick and heavily
Where murder hath been done.
(Sighing heavily).
There is a strange oppression in my breast:
Dost thou not feel a close unwholesome vapour?
Rud. No; ev'ry air to me is light and healthful,
That with thy sweet and heavenly breath is mix'd.
Orra (Starting up). Thou here! *(Looking round).*
Cathrina gone?
Rud. Does Orra fear to be alone with one,
Whose weal, whose being on her favour hangs?
Orra. Retire, Sir Knight. I chuse to be alone.
Rud. And dost thou chuse it, wearing now so near
The midnight hour, in such a place?—Alas!
How loath'd and irksome must my presence be!
Orra. Dost thou deride my weakness?
Rud. I deride it!
No, noble Maid! say rather that from thee
I have a kindred weakness caught. In battle
My courage never shrunk, as my arm'd heel
And crested helm do fairly testify:
But now when midnight comes, I feel by sympathy,
With thinking upon thee, fears rise within me
I never knew before.
Orra (In a softened kindlier voice). Ha! dost thou too
Such human weakness own?
Rud. I plainly feel
We are all creatures, in the wakeful hour
Of ghastly midnight, form'd to cower together,
Forgetting all distinctions of the day,
Beneath its awful and mysterious power.

(Stealing closer to her as he speaks, and putting his arms round her).
Orra (Breaking from him). I pray thee hold thy
parley[32] further off:
Why dost thou press so near me?
Rud. And art thou so offended, lovely Orra?
Ah! wherefore am I thus presumptuous deem'd?
The blood that fills thy veins enriches mine;
From the same stock we spring; tho' by that glance
Of thy disdainful eye, too well I see
My birth erroneously thou countest base.
Orra. Erroneously!
Rud. Yes, I will prove it so.
Longer I'll not endure a galling wrong
Which makes each word of tenderness that bursts
From a full heart, bold and presumptuous seem,
And severs us so far.
Orra. No, subtile snake!
It is the baseness of thy selfish mind,
Full of all guile, and cunning, and deceit,
That severs us so far, and shall do ever.
Rud. Thou prov'st how far my passion will endure
Unjust reproaches from a mouth so dear.
Orra. Out on hypocrisy! who but thyself
Did Hughobert advise to send me hither?
And who the jailor's hateful office holds
To make my thraldom[33] sure?
Rud. Upbraid me not for this: had I refused,
One less thy friend had ta'en th' ungracious task.
And, gentle Orra! dost thou know a man,
Who might in ward all that his soul holds dear
From danger keep, yet would the charge refuse,
For that strict right such wardship[34] doth condemn?
O! still to be with thee; to look upon thee;
To hear thy voice, makes ev'n this place of horrors,—
Where, as 'tis said, the spectre of a chief,
Slain by our common grandsire, haunts the night,
A paradise—a place where I could live
In penury and gloom, and be most bless'd.
Ah! Orra! if there's misery in thraldom,
Pity a wretch who breathes but in thy favour:
Who till he look'd upon that beauteous face,
Was free and happy.—Pity me or kill me!
(Kneeling and catching hold of her hand).
Orra. Off, fiend! let snakes and vipers cling to me,
So thou dost keep aloof.
Rud. (Rising indignantly). And is my love with so
much hatred met?
Madam, beware lest scorn like this should change me
Ev'n to the baleful thing your fears have fancied.
Orra. Dar'st thou to threaten me?
Rud. He, who is mad with love and gall'd with scorn,
Dares any thing.—But O! forgive such words
From one who rather, humbled at your feet,
Would of that gentleness, that gen'rous pity,
The native inmate of each female breast,
Receive the grace on which his life depends.
There was a time when thou did'st look on me
With other eyes.
Orra. Thou dost amaze me much.
Whilst I believ'd thou wert an honest man,
Being no fool, and an adventurous soldier,
I look'd upon thee with good-will; if more
Thou did'st discover in my looks than this,
Thy wisdom with thine honesty, in truth,
Was fairly match'd.
Rud. Madam, the proud derision of that smile
Deceives me not. It is the Lord of Falkenstein,
Who better skill'd than I in tournay-war,
Tho' not i' th' actual field more valiant found,
Engrosses now your partial thoughts. And yet
What may he boast which, in a lover's suit,
I may not urge? He's brave, and so am I.
In birth I am his equal; for my mother,
As I shall prove, was married to Count Albert,
My noble father, tho' for reasons tedious
Here to be stated, still their secret nuptials
Were unacknowledged, and on me hath fallen
A cruel stigma which degrades my fortunes.
But were I—O forgive th' aspiring thought!—
But were I Orra's Lord, I should break forth
Like the unclouded sun, by all acknowledged
As ranking with the highest in the land.
Orra. Do what thou wilt when thou art Orra's Lord;
But being as thou art, retire and leave me:
I chuse to be alone. *(Very proudly).*

32 *parley*: speech, talk, or conversation.
33 *thraldom*: the state of being in captivity, bondage, or servitude.
34 *wardship*: the office or position of guardian, usually of a minor.

Rud. Then be it so.
Thy pleasure, mighty Dame, I will not balk.
This night, to-morrow's night, and every night,
Shalt thou in solitude be left; if absence
Of human beings can secure it for thee.
(Pauses and looks on her, while she seems struck and disturbed).
It wears already on the midnight hour;
Good night!
(Pauses again, she still more disturbed).
Perhaps I understood too hastily
Commands you may retract.
Orra (Recovering her state). Leave me, I say; that part of my commands
I never can retract.
Rud. You are obey'd. *(Exit).*
Orra. (Paces up and down hastily for some time, then stops short, and after remaining a little while in a thoughtful posture).
Can spirit from the tomb, or fiend from hell,
More hateful, more malignant be than man—
Than villainous man? Altho' to look on such,
Yea, even the very thought of looking on them,
Makes natural blood to curdle in the veins
And loosen'd limbs to shake.
There are who have endured the visitation
Of supernatural Beings.—O forfend[35] it!
I would close couch[36] me to my deadliest foe
Rather than for a moment bear alone
The horrors of the sight.
(Looking round). Who's there? who's there?
Heard I not voices near? That door ajar
Sends forth a cheerful light. Perhaps, Cathrina,
Who now prepares my chamber. Grant it be!
(Exit, running hastily to a door from which a light is seen).

Scene III: *A chamber, with a small bed or couch in it. Enter Rudigere and Cathrina, wrangling together.*

Rud. I say begone, and occupy the chamber
I have appointed for thee: here I'm fix'd,
To pass the night.

Cath. Did'st thou not say my chamber
Should be adjoining that which Orra holds?
I know thy wicked thoughts: they meditate
Some dev'lish scheme; but think not I'll abet it.
Rud. Thou wilt not!—angry, restive, simple fool!
Dost thou stop short and say, "I'll go no further?"
Thou, whom concealed shame hath bound so fast,—
My tool,—my instrument?—Fulfil thy charge
To the full bent of thy commission, else
Thee, and thy bantling too, I'll from me cast
To want and infamy.
Cath. O, shameless man!
Thou art the son of a degraded mother
As low as I am, yet thou hast no pity.
Rud. Aye, and dost thou reproach my bastardy
To make more base the man who conquer'd thee,
With all thy virtue, rigid and demure?
Who would have thought less than a sov'reign prince
Could e'er have compass'd such achievement? Mean
As he may be, thou'st given thyself a master,
And must obey him.—Dost thou yet resist?
Thou know'st my meaning. *(Tearing open his vest in vehemence of action).*
Cath. Under thy vest a dagger!—Ah! too well,
I know thy meaning, cruel, ruthless man!
Rud. Have I discovered it?—I thought not of it:
The vehemence of gesture hath betray'd me.
I keep it not for thee, but for myself;
A refuge from disgrace. Here is another:
He who with high, but dangerous fortune grapples,
Should he be foil'd, looks but to friends like these.
(Pulling out two daggers from his vest).
This steel is strong to give a vig'rous thrust;
The other on its venom'd point hath that
Which, in the feeblest hand, gives death as certain,
As tho' a giant smote the destin'd prey.
Cath. Thou desp'rate man! so arm'd against thyself!
Rud. Aye; and against myself with such resolves,
Consider well how I shall deal with those
Who may withstand my will or mar my purpose.
Think'st thou I'll feebly——
Cath. O be pacified.
I will begone: I am a humbled wretch
On whom thou tramplest with a tyrant's cruelty.
(Exit).
(Rudigere looks after her with a malignant laugh, and

35 *forfend*: prevent, keep away, or avert.
36 *couch*: lie down.

then goes to the door of an adjoining chamber, to the lock of which he applies his ear).

Rud. All still within—I'm tired and heavy grown:
I'll lay me down to rest. She is secure:
No one can pass me here to gain her chamber.
If she hold parley now with any thing,
It must in truth be ghost or sprite.—Heigh ho!
I'm tired, and will to bed.

(Lays himself on the couch and falls asleep. The cry of hounds is then heard without at a distance, with the sound of a horn; and presently Orra enters, bursting from the door of the adjoining chamber, in great alarm).

Orra. Cathrina! sleepest thou? Awake! awake!
(Running up to the couch and starting back on seeing Rudigere).
That hateful viper here!
Is this my nightly guard? Detested wretch!
I will steal back again.

(Walks softly on tiptoe to the door of her chamber, when the cry of hounds, &c. is again heard without, nearer than before).

O no! I dare not.
Tho' sleeping, and most hateful when awake,
Still he is natural life and may be 'waked.

(Listening again).

'Tis nearer now: that dismal thrilling blast!
I must awake him.

(Approaching the couch and shrinking back again).

O no! no, no!
Upon his face he wears a horrid smile
That speaks bad thoughts.

(Rudigere speaks in his sleep).

He mutters too my name.—
I dare not do it. *(Listening again).*
The dreadful sound is now upon the wind,
Sullen and low, as if it wound its way
Into the cavern'd earth that swallow'd it.
I will abide in patient silence here;
Though hateful and asleep, I feel me still
Near something of my kind.

(Crosses her arms, and leans in a cowering posture over the back of a chair at a distance from the couch; when presently the horn is heard without, louder than before, and she starts up).

O it returns! as tho' the yawning earth
Had given it up again, near to the walls.
The horribly mingled din! 'tis nearer still:
'Tis close at hand: 'tis at the very gate!

(Running up to the couch).

Were he a murd'rer, clenching in his hands
The bloody knife, I must awake him.—No!
That face of dark and subtile wickedness!
I dare not do it. *(Listening again).* Aye; 'tis at the gate—
Within the gate.—
What rushing blast is that
Shaking the doors? Some awful visitation
Dread entrance makes! O mighty God of Heaven!
A sound ascends the stairs.
Ho, Rudigere!
Awake, awake! Ho! Wake thee, Rudigere!

Rud. (Waking). What cry is that so terribly strong?—Ha Orra!
What is the matter?

Orra. It is within the walls. Did'st thou not hear it?

Rud. What? The loud voice that called me?

Orra. No, it was mine.

Rud. It sounded in my ears
With more than human strength.

Orra. Did it so sound?
There is around us, in this midnight air,
A power surpassing nature. List, I pray:
Altho' more distant now, dost thou not hear
The yell of hounds; the spectre-huntsman's horn?

Rud. I hear, indeed, a strangely mingled sound:
The wind is howling round the battlements.
But rest secure where safety is, sweet Orra!
Within these arms, nor man nor fiend shall harm thee.

(Approaching her with a softened winning voice, while she pushes him off with abhorrence).

Orra. Vile reptile! touch me not.

Rud. Ah! Orra! thou art warp'd by prejudice,
And taught to think me base; but in my veins
Lives noble blood, which I will justify.

Orra. But in thy heart, false traitor! what lives there?

Rud. Alas! thy angel-faultlessness conceives not
The strong temptations of a soul impassion'd
Beyond controul of reason.——At thy feet—
(Kneeling).
O spurn me not!

(Enter several Servants, alarmed).
Rud. What, all these fools upon us! Staring knaves,
What brings ye here at this untimely hour?
1st Servant. We have all heard it—'twas the yell of hounds
And clatt'ring steeds, and the shrill horn between.
Rud. Out on such folly!
2nd Servant. In very truth it pass'd close to the walls;
Did not your Honour hear it?
Rud. Ha! say'st thou so? thou art not wont to join
In idle tales.—I'll to the battlements
And watch it there: it may return again.
(Exeunt severally, Rudigere followed by servants, and Orra into her own chamber).

Scene IV: *The Outlaws' cave. Enter Theobald.*

Theo. (Looking round). Here is a place in which some traces are
Of late inhabitants. In yonder nook
The embers faintly gleam, and on the walls
Hang spears and ancient arms: I must be right.
A figure thro' the gloom moves towards me.
Ho there! Whoe'er you are: Holla, good friend!
(Enter an Outlaw).
Out. A stranger! Who art thou, who art thus bold,
To hail us here unbidden?
Theo. That thou shalt shortly know. Thou art, I guess,
One of the Outlaws, who this forest haunt.
Out. Be thy conjecture right or wrong, no more
Shalt thou return to tell where thou hast found us.
Now for thy life! *(Drawing his sword).*
Theo. Hear me, I do entreat thee.
Out. Nay, nay! no foolish pleadings; for thy life
Is forfeit now; have at thee!
(Falls fiercely upon Theobald, Who also draws and defends himself bravely, when another Outlaw enters and falls likewise upon him. Theobald then recedes, fighting, till he gets his back to the wall of the cavern, and there defends himself stoutly. Enter Franko).
Franko. Desist, I charge you! Fighting with a stranger,
Two swords to one—a solitary stranger!
1st Out. We are discover'd; had he master'd me,
He had return'd to tell his mates above
What neighbours in these nether caves they have.
Let us dispatch him.
Franko. No, thou hateful butcher!
Dispatch a man alone and in our power!
Who art thou, stranger, who dost use thy sword
With no mean skill; and in this perilous case
So bold an air and countenance maintainest?
What brought thee hither?
Theo. My name is Theobald of Falkenstein;
To find the valiant Captain of these bands,
And crave assistance of his gen'rous arm:
This is my business here.
Franko (Struck and agitated, to his men).
Go, join your comrades in the further cave.
(Exeunt outlaws).
And thou art Falkenstein? In truth thou art.
And who think'st thou am I?
Theo. Franko, the gen'rous leader of those Outlaws.
Franko. So am I call'd, and by that name alone
They know me. Sporting on the mountain's side,
Where Garva's wood waves green, in other days,
Some fifteen years ago, they call'd me Albert.
Theo. (Rushing into his arms). Albert; my playmate Albert! Woe the day!
What cruel fortune drove thee to this state?
Franko. I'll tell thee all; but tell thou first to me
What is the aid thou camest here to ask.
Theo. Aye, thou wert ever thus: still forward bent
To serve, not to be serv'd.
But wave we this.
Last night a Lady to the castle came,
In thraldom by a villain kept, whom I
Would give my life to rescue. Of arm'd force
Being at present destitute, I crave
Assistance of you in counsel and your arms.
Franko. When did'st thou learn that Outlaws harbour here,
For 'tis but lately we have held these haunts?
Theo. Not till within the precincts of the forest,
Following the traces of that villain's course,
One of your band I met, and recogniz'd
As an old soldier, who, some few years back,
Had under my command right bravely serv'd.
Seeing himself discover'd, and encouraged
By what I told him of my story, freely
He offer'd to conduct me to his captain.
But in a tangled path some space before me,
Alarm'd at sight of spearmen thro' the brake,

He started from his way, and so I missed him,
Making, to gain your cave, my way alone.
Franko. Thou'rt welcome here: and gladly I'll assist thee,
Tho' not by arms, the force within the castle
So far out-numbering mine. But other means
May serve thy purpose better.
Theo. What other means, I pray?
Franko. From these low caves, a passage under-ground
Leads to the castle—to the very tower
Where, as I guess, the Lady is confined.
When sleep has still'd the house, we'll make our way.
Theo. Aye, by my faith it is a noble plan!
Guarded or not we well may overcome
The few that may compose her midnight guard.
Franko. We shall not shrink from that.——But by my fay!
To-morrow is St. Michael's Eve: 'twere well
To be the spectre-huntsman for a night,
And bear her off, without pursuit or hindrance.
Theo. I comprehend thee not.
Franko. Thou shalt ere long.
But stand not here; an inner room I have
Where thou shalt rest and some refreshment take,
And then we will more fully talk of this,
Which, slightly mention'd, seems chimerical.
Follow me. *(Turning to him as they go out).*
Hast thou still upon thine arm
That mark which from mine arrow thou receiv'dst
When sportively we shot? The wound was deep,
And gall'd thee much, but thou mad'st light of it.
Theo. Yes, here it is. *(Pulling up his sleeve as they go out, and Exeunt).*

Act IV

Scene I: *The Ramparts of the Castle. Enter Orra and Cathrina.*

Cath. (After a pause in which Orra walks once or twice across the stage, thoughtfully).
Go in, I pray; thou wand'rest here too long.
(A pause again).
The air is cold; behind those further mountains
The sun is set. I pray thee now go in.
Orra. Ha! sets the sun already? Is the day
Indeed drawn to its close?
Cath. Yes, night approaches.
See, many a gather'd flock of cawing rooks
Are to their nests returning.
Orra (Solemnly). Night approaches!—
This awful night which living beings shrink from.
All now of every kind scour to their haunts,
While darkness, peopled with its hosts unknown,
Awful dominion holds. Mysterious night!
What things unutterable thy dark hours
May lap!—What from thy teeming darkness burst
Of horrid visitations, ere that sun
Again shall rise on the enlighten'd earth!
(A pause).
Cath. Why dost thou gaze intently on the sky?
See'st thou aught wonderful?
Orra. Look there; behold that strange gigantic form
Which yon grim cloud assumes; rearing aloft
The semblance of a warrior's plumed head,
While from its half-shaped arm a streamy dart
Shoots angrily? Behind him too, far stretch'd,
Seems there not, verily, a seried[37] line
Of fainter misty forms?
Cath. I see, indeed,
A vasty cloud, of many clouds composed,
Towering above the rest; and that behind
In misty faintness seen, which hath some likeness
To a long line of rocks with pine-wood crown'd:
Or, if indeed the fancy so incline,
A file of spearmen, seen thro' drifted smoke.
Orra. Nay, look how perfect now the form becomes:
Dost thou not see?—Aye, and more perfect still.
O thou gigantic Lord, whose robed limbs
Beneath their stride span half the heavens! art thou
Of lifeless vapour form'd? Art thou not rather
Some air-clad spirit—some portentous thing—
Some mission'd[38] Being?——Such a sky as this
Ne'er usher'd in a night of nature's rest.
Cath. Nay, many such I've seen; regard it not.
That form, already changing, will ere long
Dissolve to nothing. Tarry here no longer.
Go in I pray.

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37 *seried*: i.e., serried, pertaining to files or ranks of armed men, and meaning pressed close together, shoulder to shoulder, in close order.

38 *mission'd*: having a mission.

Orra. No; while one gleam remains
Of the sun's blessed light, I will not go.
Cath. Then let me fetch a cloak to keep thee warm,
For chilly blows the breeze.
Orra. Do as thou wilt.
(Exit Cathrina. Enter an Outlaw, stealing softly behind her).
Out. (In a low voice). Lady!—the Lady Orra!
Orra (Starting). Merciful heaven! Sounds it beneath my feet
In earth or air? *(He comes forward).*
Ha, a man!
Welcome is aught that wears a human face.
Did'st thou not hear a sound?
Out. What sound, an' please you?
Orra. A voice which call'd upon me now: it spoke
In a low hollow tone, suppress'd and low,
Unlike a human voice.
Out. It was my own.
Orra. What would'st thou have?
Out. Here is a letter, Lady.
Orra. Who sent thee hither?
Out. It will tell thee all.
(Gives a letter). I must begone, your chieftain is at hand. *(Exit).*
Orra. Comes it from Falkenstein? It is his seal.
I may not read it here. I'll to my chamber. *(Exit hastily, not perceiving Rudigere, who enters by the opposite side, before she has time to go off).*
Rud. A letter in her hand, and in such haste!
Some secret agent here from Falkenstein?
It must be so. *(Hastening after her, Exit).*

Scene II: *The Outlaws' Cave; enter Theobald and Franko by opposite sides.*

Theo. How now, good Captain; draws it near the time?
Are those the keys?
Franko. They are: this doth unlock
The entrance to the staircase, known alone
To Gomez, ancient keeper of the castle,
Who is my friend in secret, and deters
The neighb'ring peasantry with dreadful tales
From visiting by night our wide domains.
The other doth unlock a secret door,
That leads us to the chamber where she sleeps.
Theo. Thanks, gen'rous friend! thou art my better genius.
Did'st thou not say, until the midnight horn
Hath sounded thrice, we must remain conceal'd?
Franko. Even so. And now I hear my men without
Telling the second watch.
Theo. How looks the night?
Franko. As we could wish: the stars do faintly twinkle
Thro' sever'd clouds, and shed but light sufficient
To shew each nearer object closing on you
In dim unshapely blackness. Aught that moves
Across your path, or sheep or straggling goat,
Is now a pawing steed or grizzly bull,
Large and terrific; every air-mov'd bush
Or jutting crag, some strange gigantic thing.
Theo. Is all still in the castle?
Franko. There is an owl sits hooting on the tower,
That answer from a distant mate receives,
Like the faint echo of his dismal cry;
While a poor houseless dog by dreary fits
Sits howling at the gate. All else is still.
Theo. Each petty circumstance is in our favour,
That makes the night more dismal.
Franko. Aye, all goes well: as I approach'd the walls,
I heard two sentinels—for now I ween,
The boldest spearman will not watch alone—
Together talk in the deep hollow voice
Of those who speak at midnight, under awe
Of the dead stillness round them.
Theo. Then let us put ourselves in readiness,
And heaven's good favour guide us! *(Exeunt).*

Scene III: *A gloomy Apartment; enter Orra and Rudigere.*

Orra (Aside). The room is darken'd: yesternight a lamp
Threw light around on roof and walls, and made
Its dreary space less dismal.
Rud. (Overhearing her, and calling to a Servant without). Ho! more lights here! *(Servant enters with a light and Exit).*
Thou art obey'd.
In aught,
But in the company of human kind,
Thou shalt be gratified. Thy lofty mind
For higher super-human fellowship,
If such there be, may now prepare its strength.

Orra. Thou ruthless tyrant! They who have in battle
Fought valiantly, shrink like a helpless child
From any intercourse with things unearthly.
Art thou a man? And bear'st thou in thy breast
The feelings of a man? It cannot be!
Rud. Yes, madam; in my breast I bear too keenly
The feelings of a man—a man most wretched:
A scorn'd, rejected man.—Make me less miserable;
Nay rather should I say, make me most blest;
And then——
(Attempting to take her hand, while she steps back from him, drawing herself up with an air stately and determined, and looking steadfastly in his face).
Thou know'st my firm determination:
Give me thy solemn promise to be mine.
This is the price, thou haughty, scornful maid,
That will redeem thee from the hour of terror!
This is the price——
Orra. Which never shall be paid.
(Walks from him to the further end of the apartment).
Rud. (After a pause). Thou art determin'd then. Be not so rash:
Bethink thee well what flesh and blood can bear:
The hour is near at hand.
(She, turning round, waves him with her hand to leave her).
Thou deign'st no answer.
Well; reap the fruits of thine unconquer'd pride.
(Exit).
(Manet Orra).
Orra. I am alone: That closing door divides me
From every being owning nature's life.—
And shall I be constrain'd to hold communion
With that which owns it not?
(After pacing to and fro for a little while).
O that my mind
Could raise its thoughts in strong and steady fervour
To him, the Lord of all existing things,
Who lives and is where'er existence is;
Grasping its hold upon his skirted robe,
Beneath whose mighty rule Angels and Spirits,
Demons and nether powers, all living things,
Hosts of the earth, with the departed dead
In their dark state of mystery, alike
Subjected are!—And I will strongly do it.—
Ah! Would I could! Some hidden powerful hindrance
Doth hold me back, and mars all thought.—
(After a pause, in which she stands fixed with her arms crossed on her breast).
Dread intercourse!
O, if it look on me with its dead eyes!
If it should move its lock'd and earthy lips
And utt'rance give to the grave's hollow sounds!
If it stretch forth its cold and bony grasp——
O horror, horror!
(Sinking lower at every successive idea, as she repeats these four last lines, till she is quite upon her knees on the ground).
Would that beneath these planks of senseless matter
I could, until the dreadful hour is past,
As senseless be! *(Striking the floor with her hands).*
O open and receive me,
Ye happy things of still and lifeless being,
That to the awful steps which tread upon ye
Unconscious are!
(Enter Cathrina behind her).
Who's there? Is't any thing?
Cath. 'Tis I, my dearest Lady; 'tis Cathrina.
Orra (Embracing her). How kind! such blessed kindness! keep thee by me;
I'll hold thee fast: an angel brought thee hither.
I needs must weep to think thou art so kind
In mine extremity.—Where wert thou hid?
Cath. In that small closet, since the supper hour,
I've been conceal'd. For searching round the chamber,
I found its door and enter'd. Fear not now:
I will not leave thee till the break of day.
Orra. Heaven bless thee for it! Till the break of day!
The very thought of daybreak gives me life.
If but this night were past, I have good hope
That noble Theobald will soon be here
For my deliv'rance.
Cath. Wherefore think'st thou so?
Orra. A stranger, when thou left'st me on the ramparts,
Gave me a letter, which I quickly open'd,
As soon as I, methought, had gain'd my room
In privacy; but close behind me came
That Daemon Rudigere, and, snatching at it,
Forced me to cast it to the flames, from which,
I struggling with him still, he could not save it.
Cath. You have not read it then.

Orra. No; but the seal
Was Theobald's, and I could swear ere long
He will be here to free me from this thraldom.
Cath. God grant he may!
Orra. If but this night were past! How goes the time?
Has it not enter'd on the midnight watch?
Cath. (Pointing to a small slab at the corner of the stage on which is placed a sand-glass).
That glass I've set to measure it. As soon
As all the sand is run, you are secure;
The midnight watch is past.
Orra (Running to the glass and looking at it eagerly).
There is not much to run: O an't were finish'd!
But it so slowly runs!
Cath. Yes; watching it,
It seemeth slow. But heed it not; the while,
I'll tell thee some old tale, and ere I've finish'd,
The midnight watch is gone. Sit down I pray!
(They sit, Orra drawing her chair close to Cathrina).
What story shall I tell thee?
Orra. Something, my friend, which thou thyself hast known
Touching the awful intercourse which spirits
With mortal men have held at this dread hour.
Did'st thou thyself e'er meet with one whose eyes
Had look'd upon the spectred dead—had seen
Forms from another world?
Cath. Never but once.
Orra (Eagerly). Once then thou did'st! O tell it! Tell it me!
Cath. Well; since I needs must tell it, once I knew
A melancholy man, who did aver,
That, journeying on a time, o'er a wild waste,
By a fell storm o'erta'en, he was compell'd
To pass the night in a deserted tower,
Where a poor hind, the sole inhabitant
Of the sad place, prepared for him a bed.
And, as he told his tale, at dead of night,
By the pale lamp that in his chamber burn'd,
As it might be an arm's-length from his bed—
Orra. So close upon him?
Cath. Yes.
Orra. Go on; what saw he?
Cath. An upright form, wound in a clotted shroud—
Clotted and stiff, like one swath'd up in haste
After a bloody death.
Orra. O horrible!
Cath. He started from his bed and gaz'd upon it.
Orra. And did he speak to it?
Cath. He could not speak.
Its visage was uncover'd, and at first
Seem'd fix'd and shrunk, like one in coffin'd sleep:
But, as he gaz'd, there came, he wist[39] not how,
Into its beamless eyes a horrid glare,
And turning towards him, for it did move,——
Why dost thou grasp me thus?
Orra. Go on, go on!
Cath. Nay, heaven forfend! Thy shrunk and sharpen'd features
Are of the corse's colour, and thine eyes
Are full of tears. How's this?
Orra. I know not how.
A horrid sympathy jarr'd on my heart,
And forced into mine eyes these icy tears.
A fearful kindredship there is between
The living and the dead: an awful bond:
Wo's me! that we do shudder at ourselves—
At that which we must be!——A dismal thought!
(Seeing Cathrina go towards the sand-glass).
Where dost thou run? thy story is not told.
Cath. (Shewing the glass). A better story I will tell thee now;
The midnight watch is past.
Orra. Ha! let me see.
Cath. There's not one sand to run.
Orra. But it is barely past.
Cath. 'Tis more than past.
For I did set it later than the hour,
To be assur'dly sure.
Orra. Then it is gone indeed: O heaven be praised!
The fearful gloom gone by!
(Holding up her hands in gratitude to heaven, and then looking round her with cheerful animation).
In truth, already
I feel as if I breath'd the morning air:
I'm marvellously lighten'd.
Cath. Ne'ertheless,
Thou art forspent; I'll run to my apartment,
And fetch some cordial drops that will revive thee.

39 *wist*: knew.

Orra. Thou need'st not go: I've ta'en thy drops already:
I'm bold and buoyant grown. *(Bounding lightly from the floor).*
Cath. I'll soon return:
Thou art not fearful now?
Orra. No; I breathe lightly;
Valour within me grows most powerfully,
Would'st thou but stay to see it, gentle Cathrine.
Cath. I will return to see it, ere thou can'st
Three times repeat the letters of thy name. *(Exit hastily by the concealed door).*
Orra (Alone). This burst of courage shrinks most shamefully.
I'll follow her.—*(Striving to open the door).* 'Tis fast: it will not open.
I'll count my footsteps as I pace the floor
Till she return again.
(Paces up and down, muttering to herself, when a horn is heard without, pausing and sounding three times, each time louder than before. Orra runs again to the door).
Despair will give me strength: where is the door?
Mine eyes are dark, I cannot find it now.
O God! protect me in this awful pass!
(After a pause, in which she stands with her body bent in a cowering posture, with her hands locked together, and trembling violently, she starts up and looks wildly round her).
There's nothing, yet I felt a chilly hand
Upon my shoulder press'd. With open'd eyes
And ears intent I'll stand. Better it is
Thus to abide the awful visitation,
Than cower in blinded horror, strain'd intensely
With ev'ry beating of my goaded heart.
(Looking round her with a steady sternness, but shrinking again almost immediately).
I cannot do it: on this spot I'll hold me
In awful stillness.
(Bending her body as before; then, after a momentary pause, pressing both her hands upon her head).
The icy scalp of fear is on my head,—
The life stirs in my hair: it is a sense
That tells the nearing of unearthly steps,
Albeit my ringing ears no sounds distinguish.
(Looking round, as if by irresistible impulse, to a great door at the bottom of the stage, which bursts open, and the form of a huntsman, clothed in black with a horn in his hand, enters and advances towards her. She utters a loud shriek, and falls senseless on the ground).
Theo. (Running up to her, and raising her from the ground).
No semblance but real agony of fear.
Orra, oh Orra! Know'st thou not my voice?
Thy knight, thy champion, the devoted Theobald?
Open thine eyes and look upon my face:
(Unmasking).
I am no fearful waker from the grave:
Dost thou not feel? 'Tis the warm touch of life.
Look up, and fear will vanish.—Words are vain!
What a pale countenance of ghastly strength
By horror changed! O ideot that I was
To hazard this!—The villain hath deceiv'd me!
My letter she has ne'er received. Oh Fool!
That I should trust to this! *(Beating his head distractedly).*
(Enter Franko, by the same door).
Franko. What is the matter? What strange turn is this?
Theo. O cursed sanguine fool! could I not think——
She moves—she moves! rouse thee, my gentle Orra!
'Tis no strange voice that calls thee: 'tis thy friend.
Franko. She opens now her eyes.
Theo. But oh that look!
Franko. She knows thee not, but gives a stifled groan,
And sinks again in stupor.
Make no more fruitless lamentation here,
But bear her hence: the cool and open air
May soon restore her. Let us, while we may,
Occasion seize, lest we should be surprised.
(Exeunt: Orra borne off in a state of insensibility).

Act V

Scene I: *The great Hall of the Castle: Enter Rudigere, Cathrina, and Attendants, by different Doors.*

Rud. (To Attendant). Return'd again! Is any thing discover'd?
Or door or passage? garment dropt in haste?
Or footstep's track, or any mark of flight?
1st Attendant. No, by my faith! tho' from its highest turrets
To its deep vaults, the castle we have search'd.
Cath. 'Tis vain to trace the marks of trackless feet.

If that in truth it hath convey'd her hence,
The yawning earth has yielded them a passage,
Or else, thro' rifted roofs, the buoyant air.
Rud. Fools! search again. I'll raze the very walls
From their foundations but I will discover
If door or pass there be, to us unknown.
(Calling off the stage). Ho! Gomez there! He keeps himself aloof:
Nor aids the search with true and hearty will.
I am betray'd.—Ho! Gomez there, I say!
He shrinks away: go drag the villain hither,
And let the torture wring confession from him.
(A loud knocking heard at the gate).
Ha! who seeks entrance at this early hour
In such a desert place?
Cath. Some hind, perhaps,
Who brings intelligence. Heaven grant it be!
(Enter an armed Vassal).
Rud. Ha! One from Aldenberg! What brings thee hither:
Vassal. (Seizing Rudigere). Thou art my prisoner. *(To Attendants).* Upon your peril,
Assist me to secure him.
Rud. Audacious hind! by what authority
Speak'st thou such bold commands? Produce thy warrant.
Vass. 'Tis at the gate, and such as thou must yield to:
Count Hughobert himself, with armed men,
A goodly band, his pleasure to enforce. *(Secures him).*
Rud. What sudden freak[40] is this? am I suspected
Of aught but true and honourable faith?
Vass. Aye, by our holy Saints! more than suspected.
Thy creature Maurice, whom thou thought'st to bribe
With things of seeming value, hath discover'd
The cunning fraud; on which his tender conscience,
Good soul! did o' the sudden so upbraid him,
That to his Lord forthwith he made confession
Of all the plots against the Lady Orra,
In which thy wicked arts had tempted him
To take a wicked part. All is discover'd.
Cath. (Aside). All is discover'd! Where then shall I hide me?
(Aloud to Vassal). What is discover'd?

Vass. Ha! most virtuous Lady!
Art thou alarmed? Fear not: the world well knows
How good thou art; and to the Countess shortly,
Who with her Lord is near, thou wilt no doubt
Give good account of all that thou hast done.
Cath. (Aside, as she retires in agitation).
O heaven forbid! What hole o' th' earth will hide me! *(Exit).*
(Enter by the opposite side, Hughobert, Eleanora, Alice, Glottenbal, Urston, Maurice, and Attendants).
Hugh. (Speaking as he enters). Is he secured?
Vass. (Pointing to Rudigere). He is, my Lord; behold!
Hugh. (To Rudigere). Black artful traitor! Of a sacred trust,
Blindly reposed in thee, the base betrayer
For wicked ends; full well upon the ground
May'st thou decline those darkly frowning eyes,
And gnaw thy lip in shame.
Rud. And rests no shame with him, whose easy faith
Entrusts a man unproved; or, having proved him,
Lets a poor hireling's unsupported testimony
Shake the firm confidence of many years?
Hugh. Here the accuser stands; confront him boldly,
And spare him not. *(Bringing forward Maurice).*
Maur. (To Rudigere). Deny it if thou can'st. Thy brazen[41] front,
All brazen as it is, denies it not.
Rud. (To Maurice). Fool! that of prying curiosity
And av'rice art compounded! I in truth
Did give to thee a counterfeited treasure
To bribe thee to a counterfeited trust;
Meet recompense! Ha, ha! Maintain thy tale,
For I deny it not. *(With careless derision).*
Maur. O, subtile traitor!
Dost thou so varnish it with seeming mirth?
Hugh. Sir Rudigere, thou dost, I must confess,
Out-face him well. But call the Lady Orra;
If towards her thou hast thyself comported
In honesty, she will declare it freely.
(To Attendant). Bring Orra hither.
1st Att. Would that we could; last night i' the midnight watch
She disappear'd; but whether man or devil
Hath borne her hence, in truth we cannot tell.

40 *freak*: a sudden causeless change of mind; a capricious humor, notion, or whim.

41 *brazen*: hardened in effrontery; shameless.

Hugh. O both! Both man and devil together join'd.
(To Rudigere furiously). Fiend, villain, murderer!
Produce her instantly.
Dead or alive, produce thy hapless charge.
Rud. Restrain your rage, my Lord; I would right gladly
Obey you, were it possible: the place,
And the mysterious means of her retreat,
Are both to me unknown.
Hugh. Thou liest! thou liest!
Glot. (Coming forward). Thou liest, beast, villain, traitor! think'st thou still
To fool us thus? Thou shalt be forced to speak.
(To Hughobert). Why lose we time in words when other means
Will quickly work? Straight to those pillars bind him,
And let each sturdy varlet of your train
Inflict correction on him.
Maur. Aye, this alone will move him.
Hugh. Thou say'st well:
By heaven it shall be done!
Rud. And will Count Hughobert degrade in me
The blood of Aldenberg to shame himself?
Hugh. That plea avails thee not; thy spurious birth
Gives us full warrant, as thy conduct varies,
To reckon thee or noble or debas'd.
(To Attendant). Straight bind the traitor to the place of shame.
(As they are struggling to bind Rudigere he gets one of his hands free, and, pulling out a dagger from under his clothes, stabs himself).
Rud. Now, take your will of me, and drag my corse
Thro' mire and dust; your shameless fury now
Can do me no disgrace.
Urst. (Advancing). Rash, daring, thoughtless wretch! dost thou so close
A wicked life in hardy desperation?
Rud. Priest, spare thy words: I add not to my sins
That of presumption, in pretending now
To offer up to heaven the forced repentance
Of some short moments for a life of crimes.
Urst. My son, thou dost mistake me: let thy heart
Confession make——
Glot. (Interrupting Urston). Yes, dog! Confession make
Of what thou'st done with Orra; else I'll spurn thee,
And cast thy hateful carcase to the kites.[42]
Hugh. (Pulling back Glottenbal as he is going to spurn Rudigere with his foot, who is now fallen upon the ground). Nay, nay, forbear; such outrage is unmanly.
(Eleanora, who with Alice had retired from the shocking sight of Rudigere, now comes forward to him).
El. Oh, Rudigere! thou art a dying man,
And we will speak to thee without upbraiding.
Confess, I do entreat thee, ere thou goest
To thy most awful change, and leave us not
In this our horrible uncertainty.
Is Orra here conceal'd?
Alice. Thou hast not slain her?
Confession make, and heaven have mercy on thee!
Rud. Yes, Ladies; with these words of gentle meekness
My heart is changed; and that you may perceive
How greatly changed, let Glottenbal approach me;
Spent am I now, and can but faintly speak—
Ev'n unto him, in token of forgiveness
I'll tell what ye desire.
El. Thank heaven, thou art so changed!
Hugh. (To Glottenbal). Go to him, boy.
(Glottenbal goes to Rudigere, and stooping over him to hear what he has to say, Rudigere, taking a small dagger from his bosom, strikes Glottenbal on the neck).
Glot. Oh, he has wounded me!—Detested traitor!
Take that and that; would thou hadst still a life
For every thrust. *(Killing him).*
Hugh. (Alarmed). Ha! Has he wounded thee, my son?
Glot. A scratch;
'Tis nothing more. He aim'd it at my throat,
But had not strength to thrust.
Hugh. Thank God, he had not!
(A trumpet sounds without).
Hark! martial notice of some high approach!
(To attendants). Go to the gate. *(Exeunt attendants).*
El. Who may it be? This castle is remote
From every route which armed leaders take.
(Enter a Servant).
Serv. The Banneret of Basle is at the gate.
Hugh. Is he in force?

42 *kites*: a bird of prey of the family *Falconidae* and subfamily *Milvinae*, having long wings, forked tail, and no tooth in the bill.

Serv. Yes, thro' the trees his distant bands are seen
Some hundreds strong, I guess; tho' with himself
Two followers only come.
(Enter Hartman attended).
Hugh. Forgive me, Banneret, if I receive thee
With more surprise than courtesy. How is it?
Com'st thou in peace?
Hart. To you, my Lord, I frankly will declare
The purpose of my coming: having heard it,
It is for you to say if I am come,
As much I wish, in peace.
(To Eleanora). Countess, your presence much emboldens me
To think it so shall be.
Hugh. (Impatiently). Proceed, I beg.
When burghers gentle courtesy affect,
It chafes me more than all their sturdy boasting.
Hart. Then with a burgher's plainness, Hughobert,
I'll try my tale to tell,—nice task I fear!
So that it may not gall a baron's pride.
Brave Theobald, the Lord of Falkenstein,
Co-burgher also of our ancient city,
Whose cause of course is ours, declares himself
The suitor of thy ward, the Lady Orra;
And learning that within these walls she is,
By thine authority, in durance kept,
In his behalf I come to set her free;
As an Oppressed Dame, such service claiming
From every gen'rous knight. What is thy answer?
Say, am I come in peace? Wilt thou release her?
Hugh. Ah, would I could! In faith thou gall'st me shrewdly.
Hart. I've been inform'd of all that now disturbs you,
By one who held me waiting at the gate.
Until the maid be found, if 'tis your pleasure,
Cease enmity.
Hugh. Then let it cease. A traitor has deceived me,
And there he lies. *(Pointing to the body of Rudigere).*
Hart. (Looking at the body). A ghastly smile of fell malignity
On his distorted face death has arrested.
(Turning again to Hughobert). And has he died, and no confession made?
All means that may discover Orra's fate
Shut from us?
Hugh. Ah! the fiend hath utter'd nothing
That could betray his secret. If she lives——
El. Alas, alas! think you he murder'd her?
Alice. Merciful heaven forfend!
(Enter a Soldier in haste).
Soldier. O, I have heard a voice, a dismal voice!
Omnes. What hast thou heard?
El. What voice?
Sold. The Lady Orra's.
El. Where? Lead us to the place.
Hugh. Where did'st thou hear it, Soldier?
Sold. In a deep-tangled thicket of the wood,
Close to a ruin'd wall, o'ergrown with ivy,
That marks the ancient outworks of the castle.
Hugh. Haste; lead the way.
(Exeunt all eagerly, without order, following the soldier, Glottenbal and one attendant excepted).
Att. You do not go, my Lord?
Glot. I'm sick, and strangely dizzy grows my head,
And pains shoot from my wound. It is a scratch,
But from a devil's fang.—There's mischief in it.
Give me thine arm, and lead me to a couch:
I'm very faint.
Att. This way, my Lord; there is a chamber near.
(Exit Glottenbal, supported by the attendant).

Scene II: *The Forest near the Castle; in Front a rocky Bank crowned with a ruined Wall o'ergrown with Ivy, and the Mouth of a Cavern shaded with Bushes. Enter Franko, conducting Hughobert, Hartman, Eleanora, Alice, and Urston, the Soldier following them.*

Franko (to Hughobert). This is the entry to our secret haunts.
And now, my Lord, having inform'd you truly
Of the device, well meant, but most unhappy,
By which the Lady Orra from her prison
By Falkenstein was ta'en; myself, my outlaws,
Unhappy men that better days have seen,
Drove to this lawless life by hard necessity,
Are on your mercy cast.
Hugh. Which shall not fail you, valiant Franko. Much
Am I indebted to thee: hadst thou not
Of thine own free good will become our guide,
As wand'ring here thou found'st us, we had ne'er
The spot discover'd; for this honest Soldier,

A stranger to the forest, sought in vain
To thread the tangled path.
El. (To Franko). She is not well, thou say'st, and from her swoon
Imperfectly recover'd.
Franko. When I left her,
She so appear'd.—But enter not, I pray,
Till I give notice.—Holla, you within!
Come forth and fear no ill.
(A shriek heard from the cave).
Omnes. What dismal shriek is that?
Alice. 'Tis Orra's voice.
El. No, no! it cannot be! It is some wretch,
In maniac's fetters bound.
Hart. The horrid thought that bursts into my mind!
Forbid it, righteous Heaven!
(Running into the cave, he is prevented by Theobald, who rushes out upon him).
Theo. Hold, hold! no entry here but o'er my corse,
When ye have master'd me.
Hart. My Theobald,
Dost thou not know thy friends?
Theo. Ha! thou, my Hartman! Art thou come to me?
Hart. Yes, I am come. What means that look of anguish?
She is not dead!
Theo. Oh, no! it is not death!
Hart. What meanst thou? Is she well?
Theo. Her body is.
Hart. And not her mind?——Oh direst wreck of all!
That noble mind!——But 'tis some passing seizure,
Some powerful movement of a transient nature;
It is not madness?
Theo. (Shrinking from him, and bursting into tears).
'Tis heaven's infliction; let us call it so;
Give it no other name. *(Covering his face).*
El. (To Theobald). Nay, do not thus despair: when she beholds us,
She'll know her friends, and, by our kindly soothing,
Be gradually restored.
Alice. Let me go to her.
Theo. Nay, forbear, I pray thee;
I will myself with thee, my worthy Hartman,
Go in and lead her forth.
(Theobald and Hartman go into the cavern, while those without wait in deep silence, which is only broken once or twice by a scream from the cavern and the sound of Theobald's voice speaking soothingly, till they return, leading forth Orra, with her hair and dress disordered, and the appearance of wild distraction in her gait and countenance).
Orra (Shrinking back as she comes from under the shade of the trees, &c. and dragging Theobald and Hartman back with her).
Come back, come back! The fierce and fiery light!
Theo. Shrink not, dear love! it is the light of day.
Orra. Have cocks crow'd yet?
Theo. Yes; twice I've heard already
Their mattin[43] sound. Look up to the blue sky;
Is it not daylight there? And these green boughs
Are fresh and fragrant round thee: every sense
Tells thee it is the cheerful early day.
Orra. Aye, so it is; day takes his daily turn,
Rising between the gulphy dells of night
Like whiten'd billows on a gloomy sea.
Till glow-worms gleam, and stars peep thro' the dark,
And will-o'-the-wisp[44] his dancing taper light,
They will not come again. *(Bending her ear to the ground).*
Hark, hark! Aye, hark:
They are all there: I hear their hollow sound
Full many a fathom down.
Theo. Be still, poor troubled soul! they'll ne'er return:
They are for ever gone. Be well assured
Thou shalt from henceforth have a cheerful home
With crackling faggots on thy midnight fire,
Blazing like day around thee; and thy friends—
Thy living, loving friends still by thy side,
To speak to thee and cheer thee.—See my Orra!
They are beside thee now; dost thou not know them? *(Pointing to Eleanora and Alice).*
Orra (Gazing at them with her hand held up to shade her eyes).
No, no! athwart the wav'ring garish light,
Things move and seem to be, and yet are nothing.

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43 *mattin*: belonging to, or appropriate to, the morning.
44 *will-o'-the-wisp*: an *ignis fatuus* or phosphorescent light seen hovering or flitting over marshy ground, and supposed to be due to the spontaneous combustion of inflammable gas derived from decaying vegetable matter. More generally, a thing (rarely a person) that deludes or misleads by means of fugitive appearances.

El. (Going near her). My gentle Orra! hast thou then forgot me?
Dost thou not know my voice?
Orra. 'Tis like an old tune to my ear return'd.
For there be those, who sit in cheerful halls,
And breathe sweet air, and speak with pleasant sounds;
And once I liv'd with such; some years gone by;
I wot not now how long.
Hugh. Keen words that rend my heart!—Thou had'st a home,
And one whose faith was pledged for thy protection.
Urst. Be more composed, my Lord, some faint remembrance
Returns upon her with the well-known sound
Of voices once familiar to her ear.
Let Alice sing to her some fav'rite tune,
That may lost thoughts recall.
(Alice sings an old tune, and Orra, who listens eagerly and gazes on her while she sings, afterwards bursts into a wild laugh).
Orra. Ha, ha! the witched air sings for thee bravely.
Hoot owls thro' mantling fog for mattin birds?
It lures not me.—I know thee well enough:
The bones of murder'd men thy measure beat,
And fleshless heads nod to thee.—Off, I say!
Why are ye here?—That is the blessed sun.
El. Ah, Orra! do not look upon us thus!
These are the voices of thy loving friends
That speak to thee: this is a friendly hand
That presses thine so kindly. *(Putting her hand upon Orra's, who gives a loud shriek, and shrinks from her with horror).*
Hart. O grievous state. *(Going up to her).* What terror seizes thee?
Orra. Take it away! It was the swathed dead:
I know its clammy, chill, and bony touch.
(Fixing her eyes fiercely on Eleanora).
Come not again; I'm strong and terrible now:
Mine eyes have look'd upon all dreadful things;
And when the earth yawns, and the hell-blast sounds,
I'll 'bide the trooping of unearthly steps
With stiff-clench'd, terrible strength.
(Holding her clenched hands over her head with an air of grandeur and defiance).
Hugh. (Beating his breast). A murd'rer is a guiltless wretch to me.
Hart. Be patient; 'tis a momentary pitch;
Let me encounter it.
(Goes up to Orra, and fixes his eyes upon her, which she, after a moment, shrinks from and seeks to avoid, yet still, as if involuntarily, looks at him again).
Orra. Take off from me thy strangely-fasten'd eye:
I may not look upon thee, yet I must.
(Still turning from him, and still snatching a hasty look at him as before).
Unfix thy baleful glance: Art thou a snake?
Something of horrid power within thee dwells.
Still, still that powerful eye doth suck me in
Like a dark eddy to its wheeling core.
Spare me! O spare me, Being of strange power,
And at thy feet my subject head I'll lay.
(Kneeling to Hartman and bending her head submissively).
El. Alas the piteous sight! to see her thus;
The noble, generous, playful, stately Orra!
Theo. (Running to Hartman, and pushing him away with indignation).
Out on thy hateful and ungenerous guile!
Think'st thou I'll suffer o'er her wretched state
The slightest shadow of a base controul?
(Raising Orra from the ground).
No, rise thou stately flower with rude blasts rent;
As honour'd art thou with thy broken stem,
And leaflets strew'd, as in thy summer's pride.
I've seen thee worshipp'd like a regal Dame
With every studied form of mark'd devotion,
Whilst I in distant silence, scarcely proffer'd
Ev'n a plain soldier's courtesy; but now,
No liege-man[45] to his crowned mistress sworn,
Bound and devoted is as I to thee;
And he who offers to thy alter'd state
The slightest seeming of diminish'd rev'rence,
Must in my blood——*(To Hartman).* O pardon me, my friend!
Thou'st wrung my heart.

45 *liege-man*: in feudal law, a vassal sworn to the service and support of his superior lord, who in return was obliged to afford him protection.

Hart. Nay, do thou pardon me: I am to blame:
Thy nobler heart shall not again be wrung.
But what can now be done? O'er such wild ravings
There must be some controul.
Theo. O none! none, none! but gentle sympathy
And watchfulness of love.
My noble Orra!
Wander where'er thou wilt; thy vagrant steps
Shall follow'd be by one, who shall not weary,
Nor e'er detach him from his hopeless task;
Bound to thee now as fairest, gentlest beauty
Could ne'er have bound him.
Alice. See how she gazes on him with a look,
Subsiding gradually to softer sadness.
Half saying that she knows him.
El. There is a kindness in her changing eye.
Yes, Orra, 'tis the valiant Theobald,
Thy knight and champion, whom thou gazest on.
Orra. The brave are like the brave; so should it be.
He was a goodly man—a noble knight.
(To Theobald). What is thy name, young
soldier?—Woe is me!
For prayers of grace are said o'er dying men,
Yet they have laid thy clay in unblest earth—
Shame! shame! not with the still'd and holy dead.
This shall be rectified; I'll find it out;
And masses shall be said for thy repose;
Thou shalt not troop with these.
El. 'Tis not the dead, 'tis Theobald himself,
Alive and well, who standeth by thy side.
Orra (Looking wildly round).
Where, where? All dreadful things are near me,
round me,
Beneath my feet and in the loaded air.
Let him begone! The place is horrible!
Baneful to flesh and blood.——The dreadful blast!
Their hounds now yell below i' the centre gulph;
They may not rise again till solemn bells
Have given the stroke that severs night from morn.
El. O rave not thus! Dost thou not know us, Orra?
Orra (Hastily). Aye, well enough I know ye.
Urst. Ha! think ye that she does?
El. It is a terrible smile of recognition,
If such it be.
Hart. Nay, do not thus your restless eye-balls move,
But look upon us steadily, sweet Orra.
Orra. Away! your faces waver to and fro;
I'll know you better in your winding-sheets,
When the moon shines upon ye.
Theo. Give o'er, my Friends; you see it is in vain;
Her mind within itself holds a dark world
Of dismal phantasies and horrid forms!
Contend with her no more.
(Enter an Attendant in an abrupt disturbed manner).
Att. (To Eleanora, aside). Lady, I bring to you most
dismal news:
Too grievous for my Lord, so suddenly
And unprepar'd to hear.
El. (Aside). What is it? Speak.
Att. (Aside to Eleanora). His son is dead, all swell'd
and rack'd with pain;
And on the dagger's point, which the sly traitor
Still in his stiffen'd grasp retains, foul stains,
Like those of limed[46] poison, shew full well
The wicked cause of his untimely death.
Hugh. (Overhearing them). Who speaks of death?
What did'st thou whisper there?
How is my son?——What look is that thou wear'st?
He is not dead?——Thou dost not speak! O God!
I have no son. *(After a pause).* I am bereft!——
But this!
But only him!—Heaven's vengeance deals the stroke.
Urst. Heaven oft in mercy smites, ev'n when the blow
Severest is.
Hugh. I had no other hope.
Fell is the stroke, if mercy in it be!
Could this—could this alone atone my crime?
Urst. Submit thy soul to Heaven's all-wise decree.
Perhaps his life had blasted more thy hopes
Than ev'n his grievous end.
Hugh. He was not all a father's heart could wish;
But, oh! he was my son!—my only son:
My child—the thing that from his cradle grew,
And was before me still.—Oh, oh! Oh, oh!
(Beating his breast and groaning deeply).
Orra (Running up to him). Ha! dost thou groan, old
man? Art thou in trouble?
Out on it! tho' they lay him in the mould,

[46] *limed*: containing lime or quicklime, the alkaline earth which is the chief constituent of mortar and which is powerfully caustic; calcium oxide (CaO).

He's near thee still.—I'll tell thee how it is:
A hideous burst hath been: the damn'd and holy,
The living and the dead, together are
In horrid neighbourship.—'Tis but thin vapour,
Floating around thee, makes the wav'ring bound.
Poh! blow it off, and see th' uncurtain'd reach.
See! from all points they come; earth casts them up!
In grave-clothes swath'd are those but new in death;
And there be some half bone, half cased in shreds
Of that which flesh hath been; and there be some
With wicker'd ribs, thro' which the darkness scowls.
Back, back!—They close upon us.—Oh! the void
Of hollow unball'd sockets staring grimly,
And lipless jaws that move and clatter round us
In mockery of speech!—Back, back, I say!
Back, back!

(Catching hold of Hughobert and Theobald, and dragging them back with her in all the wild strength of frantic horror, whilst the curtain drops).